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THE MOST CORRUPT CITY IN THE WORLD.

Notoriously bad as have been municipal conditions in New York City under Tammany Hall rule, they have been and are now being surpassed in another American city to whose affairs comparatively little attention has been given throughout the United States and in Europe.

Whatever New York's exact rank as a plundered city has been accounted—and by reason of its commanding position it has not lacked an unenviable pre-eminence—however universal a by-word its low political tone has made it at various times, it at least revealed its self-redeeming powers at the election of 1901. Strongly entrenched as were the Tammany forces which gorged upon New York City's huge resources and its budget and other expenditures of over one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year, public sentiment, irresistibly aroused, proved a more telling factor than they. Despite Tammany Hall's efficient, almost military organization, its command of an army of not less than forty-six thousand city employes, and its invidious uses of a campaign fund of many millions of dollars, the elements of decency triumphed. The same and

later elections disclosed a different but, sad to say, not altogether unexpected result in Philadelphia, only ninety miles away. There the worst administration—considering all aspects—that any city of democratic institutions ever knew, worse in many respects than even the sway of the unforgettable Tweed, who, with his accomplices, stole over one hundred million dollars from New York City in 1868-71, have obtained additional leases of power under circumstances so revolting as to bring shame to every conscientious believer in republican institutions.

Philadelphia—the "City of Brotherly Love"—founded by William Penn in a spirit of philanthropy, the birthplace of the Declaration of Independence, the memorable spot where was drafted and adopted the Constitution of the United States, now holds beyond possibility of dispute the ignoble palm of being the most corrupt city in the world. All other American cities have made distinct progress towards something approaching higher civic ideals. It was only because of a fatuously divided opposition that five years ago Tammany Hall was restored to mastery. Though between 1898 and 1901 this organiza-

tion reduced political brigandage to an elaborate system more cunningly scientific than ever before, discarding the clumsy methods of remoter years, and though its blackmail extortions alone have averaged upwards of twenty million dollars a year, it no longer has been able to avail itself of old-time facilities for the rolling up of enormous fraudulent pluralities. Stricter laws and vigilance have tended to minimize that evil, and popular temper, constantly alert, has been abundantly able to check many schemes of plunder coming to public notice. Chicago, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and some other "boss" ridden cities of a few years ago, have risen from the muck of political theft, until now, still far removed as they are from that fairly idealistic state which can come only from the slow maturing, elevating processes of gradually developing finer moral standards, they have ceased to present their former scenes of outright spoliation. Until 1902, St. Louis, it was thought, deserved to be listed among fairly well governed American cities. This belief has been shattered by recent proceedings in the St. Louis criminal courts. So clearly was it shown that the Municipal Assembly for years had regularly trafficked in public franchises for venal ends, that a number of its members together with rich "promoters" have been convicted of bribery and sentenced to prison, while other persons inculpated are under indictment awaiting trial. The details of this mass of corruption are disgusting enough; yet the very fact that summary and condign punishment has been inflicted upon those so far proven guilty shows that the people of St. Louis are quick to resent rascality, and at once precludes the placing of that city on the low plane of Philadelphia, where notoriously corrupt dignitaries rule and thrive unmolested. In the Old World Naples and Constantinople have

been noted for rampant administrative corruption. Naples, for many years, was the prey of a political organization which skilfully imitated Tammany methods and plans. Controlling all the city officials from mayor down, it not only profited by extravagance in contracts, but blackmailed in every possible way, going even so far as to examine monthly the books of merchants in order to determine the amount of tribute to be levied. It terrorized the population, and actually succeeded in subsidizing certain local newspapers to prevent disclosures. The Government intervening, it was found necessary to remove the mayor and nearly the entire police force, and to substitute men of probity. Laying aside doctrinal differences, Socialists, Monarchists, and Clericals united at the elections a year ago and swept the corrupt band out of power. Naples, therefore, takes its place, for the time at least, among the regenerated. As for Constantinople, it can well be dismissed from present consideration. It obviously makes no pretensions to rule by popular suffrage; and as Georges Dorys tells in his work *The Private Life of the Sultan*, its authorities have tacit permission from their capricious master to rob right and left so long as they serve him satisfactorily.

Alone of all the great, at least the largely populated, cities of the world enjoying the benefits of electoral laws, Philadelphia has been retrograding year by year, reaching in 1902 such a depth of incorrigible iniquity as seems scarcely possible. With all the national traits of effusive declamation of patriotism, the jaunty fatalistic optimism with which American judgment is so heavily streaked, American cities have been so misgoverned within the last few decades, so yoked to the tyranny of party "machines," so held under the despotic rule of vulgar political "bosses," that the cynical observer is

not unprepared to receive with belief, even expectancy, a new series of revelations. But, beside nearly all that has gone before, the narrative of enormities set forth here will appear well-nigh incredible, not so much in doubt as to whether perverseness can go so far—unfortunately base natures have furnished ample historic precedents—but in sheer disinclination to think that the legally free people of a legally free city tolerate such conditions. This record, covering the last few years and ending with the elections in 1901 and 1902, when fully forty to sixty thousand (or, as some authorities estimate it, eighty thousand) fraudulent votes were stuffed in the ballot-boxes, is but a fragment of the whole. The "bosses" ruling Philadelphia have not scrupled to show themselves contemptuous enough of public opinion, so secure are they in the possession of illicitly acquired power. Their arrogance, springing from repeated failures to dislodge them, is not moderated by any of those politic degrees of prudence which even the most callous pillagers often affect. Most of their ambitious robberies, such as the seizing of public franchises involving millions upon millions of dollars, necessarily became at once public knowledge, since they had to get the sanction of the Legislature of Pennsylvania and of the Philadelphia Councils—a representative local legislature composed of two branches, the Select and the Common Council. The law-making proceedings of these bodies cannot escape publicity. But it is entirely within reason to suppose that in bureaucratic secrecy, a multiplicity of lesser jobbery has been transacted. Defiant as knaves may be, it is not their game to do the telling. Could the accumulation of all the looting projects, great and small, be massed, the story would be only the more elaborate, not the more impressive.

Philadelphia is the third largest city

in the United States. Its population of 1,293,697, by the census of 1900, is exceeded only by New York City's 3,437,202 and Chicago's 1,698,575. The chief textile centre of the Republic, its limits are thickly dotted with all manner of other manufacturing interests. Yet its municipal affairs receive little notice elsewhere in the United States; so little that it is doubtful whether throughout the breadth of the nation there is any concrete conception of what has been going on there. Philadelphia is looked upon as a dull, "slow city"; popular interest is more concerned with its relics of revolutionary days than with its modern happenings. This absence of widespread attention is in singular contrast with the microscopic focussing lavished upon New York City. The metropolis, the financial stronghold of the Western Hemisphere, the radiating centre of a maze of influences and forces, New York City's most unimportant incidents are chronicled broadcast with an astonishing wealth of detail. In comparison Philadelphia is ignored, doubtless in obedience to popular currents; apart from curtailed news accounts or more extended treatment of some sensational event there, its flow of political and social life seems to be screened from outside view. If, then, the facts given here are but meagrely known to the bulk of Americans, they certainly will be more novel to Europe.

The political complexion of Philadelphia is the opposite of that of New York City. The latter, in its present area, has a normal Democratic majority of over a hundred thousand; Philadelphia, by a vote which, subtracting frauds, would still be overwhelming, incessantly iterates its attachment to the Republican Party. In New York State there are peculiarly balancing, wholesome conditions. It is what is known in political phrasing as an Independent State. Both "party ma-

chines"—the American colloquialism for political organizations conducted dictatorially by recognized powerful personages known as "bosses"—have their hide-bound enrolment, their steadfast supporters, whose interest rather than whose principles it is to stand by the actions and nominations of these organizations, no matter how intolerable the one or offensive the other to the body of unattached citizens. But, happily, there is a large class that, scorning the claims of party tyranny, oscillates vigorously according to varying issues and the character of the candidates presented, irrespective of partisan considerations. This class, constantly self-assertive, is potent enough to change the result at any time; the mere knowledge of this fact has often a salutary influence in compelling the "bosses," as a matter of policy, to make better nominations and to refrain from committing excesses that otherwise they would have no compunction in imposing upon the commonwealth. With refreshing frequency New York State has alternated from the Republican to the Democratic column. Political spirit of this kind, frequently shown, not only infuses a higher tone into political life, but prevents any one party from engendering that more corrupt indifference to public interests bred of long continued dominancy. Having control generally of the law-creating powers of the State through their majority in the Legislature and in the Governor's post, the Republicans make it a partisan point to check the designs of Tammany Hall as much as they can when that organization is in power in New York City. The undying aim of each "machine" being to keep the other out of the spoils of office entails a constant vigilance, a mutually aggressive suspicious attitude, like that of two armies ever manœuvring for advantage. This, too, has a most gratifying tendency in holding down corruption from assum-

ing that more formidable form it would were one party unrestrictedly in sway in both State and City. Moreover, even when the Democrats perchance control the Legislature, the Democratic feeling outside of New York City towards Tammany Hall is so pronouncedly one of prejudice, often bitter resentment, that anti-Tammany Democrats are only too willing to declare against Tammany intrigues.

The State of Pennsylvania presents no such counteracting features as does New York State. Since the Civil War it has been almost invariably Republican, the rare exception being the election of a Democratic Governor in the eighties. Its many manufactures, stupendously enriched by the high protective tariff enacted by the Republican party, throw their whole weight against Democratic doctrine, and a vast array of workers in shop and factory, taught to believe that their own profitable hire and the prosperity of their employers depends greatly upon the tariff-fostering, do likewise. The free-silver movement of 1896-1900, whether judged rightly or not, served to drive thousands upon thousands of Democrats of free-trade ideas into the Republican ranks. Past associations, sentiment and interest all have an added effect. The glory of the Republican party of old, which brought about the abolition of negro slavery, still exercises a mighty influence; its traditions fascinate a generation that as youths lived in the days of the great struggle when Lee invaded their State; when the Confederacy met its irreparable setback within their own borders on the bloody fields at Gettysburg. Men inherit political predilections; in Pennsylvania, the most unprogressive, the most fossilized of States, masses vote as their fathers voted before them, linked to the Republican party by ancestral ties, often indisposed to, and often incapable of, appreciating new times and

new lines of thought. The Republican party being so long supreme in Pennsylvania, the interests of a wide ramification of political, commercial, and social classes have become wrapt up in it. These sometimes chafe under misgovernment; but the fear always presents itself to them that a political upheaval might mean a more direct loss of dollars—direst of evils!—and rather than invite this fancied deprivation, they prefer to stand by their cheque-books and let government go on as best it may. This is certainly an absurd, mischievous, dangerous view—the forerunner of ugly times—but that it is the view of hosts to whom the immediate glitter of the dollar piles is the main consideration is undeniable. Lastly, the criminal classes, always siding with power, use their energies for the Republican party in Pennsylvania as they militantly support Tammany Hall in New York City.

Thus the Republican "machine" in Pennsylvania has only to nominate men, no matter how subservient or openly crooked, and they are certain of being elected. The same men who arrogate over the State "machine" hold the Philadelphia "machine," which is but a segment of the whole, within their fingers. Composed of unemotional, calculating, unprincipled party workers bound together by self-interest, the "machine" makes a thorough trade of politics three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Nearly all its active men are either office-holders or get their subsistence otherwise from politics. The "machine" holds and "packs" primaries and conventions without the remotest considerations for public welfare. It can do this with impunity. The generality of voters, absorbed in their everyday pursuits, too indolent, too gelatinous, or too ignorant to understand the real full duties of freemen, take no concern in practical politics. Leaving

the important business of primaries and conventions to the professional politicians they think their duty well done if they sally forth on election day and, cattle-like, vote for the "regular" candidates provided for them by a small clique. That over, they self-complacently return to their work, giving no thought to politics until the next election day; while all the while the men to whom politics is livelihood itself keep up a ceaseless activity and repeat the farce of "government for, of, and by the people" year after year.

This melancholy system is in operation in many States and cities, but owing to absence of any likelihood of successful opposition in Pennsylvania, and especially in Philadelphia, its perniciousness there is uncommonly marked. The character of the leaders of the Pennsylvania Republican "machine" may be gauged from the career of the principal "boss," United States Senator Matthew S. Quay. Several times within the last dozen years he has been charged with actual malfeasance in offices he has filled. In April 1899, thanks to the exertions of powerful financial enemies whose political ambitions he had foiled, he was brought to trial on the charge of misuse of State funds deposited in the People's Bank, but was acquitted, as perhaps was to be expected of a man to whose favor nearly ever State office-holder owed his position. Some lesser "bosses," animated by various motives, joined the financial magnates in hostility to him; and it was only after a stubborn political fight that he was re-elected to the United States Senate under reiterated charges of legislators having been bribed to vote for him. By the narrowest vote in the United States Senate—his seat having been contested—was he allowed to re-enter that body—a body many of whose members were themselves elected by known corrupt means. Senator Quay became more

powerful than ever in Pennsylvania; and the minor loyal "bosses," nearly all of whom richly deserve terms in prison for fraud or theft of some kind, have found their power increased with his.

Measures granting new powers to the city administration of Philadelphia as to that of other State cities, must pass the State Legislature and receive the Governor's approval. The Executive and a majority of the State Legislature and the administration of Philadelphia are not only of the same party but of the same stripe. The honors and emoluments of office-holders having come from the "machine's" manipulations, they regard office solely as a means of obeying their masters and of getting rich at suspiciously lightning speed. There being no hostile party at the State Capitol to block the programme of the Philadelphia administration, collusion is a simple, riskless matter. The free-booters at both Capitol and City work together most harmoniously, and with a singleness of purpose eloquently proving that each has been "taken care of"—a euphemistic phrase implying that for every vote an equivalent has been given in the form of stocks or good currency. In New York the Republican Legislature frequently sent committees to investigate Tammany Hall's mismanagement of New York City, thereby bringing to light valuable disclosures which, acting on public opinion, have turned elections. This is seldom or never done in Pennsylvania touching the conditions in Philadelphia or any other Republican city.

Furthermore there are in New York City genuine opposing political parties. In Philadelphia, the so-called Democratic organization has been for many years merely an auxiliary of the Republican "machine." Destitute of real influence or prestige, the alleged Democratic leaders are nothing more than Republican henchmen in disguise. Their offices and money besides have come

from the Republican machine, whose purpose has been to keep alive a pretended opposition and so shut out the possibility of a sincere reform movement. Now under the election laws of Pennsylvania the majority party and the minority party having the highest number of votes alone have the right to be represented by inspectors of the elections, apparently to guarantee an honest vote. This means, of course, the Republican and Democratic parties; but the inspectors of the latter being, as I have said, virtually a part of the Republican "machine" in everything but name, there has been absolutely no bar to the Republicans stuffing the ballot boxes full of fraudulent votes; the inspectors of both parties would certify that the votes were cast as counted. In addition there is no such strict registration law in Pennsylvania as there is in New York, Massachusetts, and other States. In New York no voter is allowed to cast his ballot unless he has previously registered. Further, to prevent frauds, the Republican Legislature in New York several years ago enacted a law creating a State Election Bureau, whose hundreds of deputies, with a rank equal to that of sergeant of police, have the right to go into any election polling place and arrest any one suspected of fraudulent voting. This law has served to efface, to a very great extent, Tammany Hall's old-time opportunities for fraudulent voting; and a still severer lesson was taught ten years ago when a number of Tammany inspectors of election were sent to long terms in the State's prison for offences against the election laws. In Pennsylvania the situation is radically different. That State's constitution expressly provides that no citizen shall be ineligible to vote because he has not registered. This provision has made fraudulent voting easy; under it creatures of the "machine" can vote in different places thirty-five or forty times each a day under

different names, as many of them do with the connivance of the election inspectors.

All these concatenating conditions I have recounted, operating for many years, have made stupendous thefts of public money and other property and frauds at the elections an easy matter. If, by some miscalculation on the part of the "machine," there was an arrest here and there, the officials, being all seasoned "machine" men, would consistently fail to take action against their own henchmen; and if a Public Prosecutor, or as his official title reads, District Attorney, occasionally, to the surprise of the "machine," turned out to be independent and self-conscious of duty, he was foiled in a variety of ways. There were the judges, nearly all of whom were put into office by the "machine." Should proceedings come to trial, it was seen to that certain if not all the jurors were "well disposed."

I shall not advert at length to that memorable monument of corruption—the Philadelphia City Hall. Twenty years ago I passed under its unfinished sculptured arches, through its long marble corridors, resounding with the noise of the chisel. I saw the huge blocks being lifted into position for the massive façades and towers. It had then been in process of erection for eight or nine years; and the citizens were beginning to tire of the long delays and the prodigal expenditures. Many, many a twelve month passed seeing it ascend with infinite slowness. At last a few years ago its external form was completed, and a gigantic statue of the benevolent William Penn was mounted on its highest tower. External, I say, for though the building is occupied, tinkering is still going on inside. From the date of its planning, over thirty years ago, it has been in the hands of a self-perpetuating Commission, whose ingenuity in for ever devising new necessities for drafts on the City Treas-

ury is unexcelled in the annals of any municipality. That City Hall, superfluous in many respects, has already cost over twenty millions of dollars, and there is no telling to what sum the actual, ultimate, aggregate cost will amount. Well could Dr. Albert Shaw, author of various works on municipalities, say several years ago in contrasting it with the successful completion of the splendid St. Louis City Hall, costing only two million dollars: "Whatever one may say about New York under Tammany, Philadelphia must stand as the colossal type of corrupt administration, not only for the United States, but for the whole world."

But the City Hall scandal is only an incident in the general list of details. When Dr. Shaw made this statement, far greater projects of barefaced robbery were still to be unfolded.

It is quite beside my present purpose to hark back to conditions in the early eighties when, as Mr. George Vickers wrote in his curiously entitled but otherwise accurate work, published in 1885, *The Fall of Bossism*, twenty per cent. of the vote cast in Philadelphia was fraudulent; when certain officials individually extracted from the City Treasury not less than two hundred thousand dollars a year; when as Mr. Vickers wrote: "A period of six or seven years as Receiver of Taxes or City Treasurer, it has been demonstrated, is sufficient to elevate a man from a condition of poverty in an humble building owned by somebody else, to a state of affluence on a fashionable street in an imposing establishment owned by himself." That was thought to be the golden day of political "prosperity"; judged by events since 1897 it was only the modest beginnings.

By 1897-1898 the politico-financial "bosses" and leading spirits of the "machine," their greed growing with each successive proof of their security, began to reach out for new and larger

agencies of spoliation. Within half a century many public franchises had been given away with practically no returns to the city. With the growth of population these had become of incalculable value. No richer prizes and no more fertile sources of corruption have been known in the United States than the private ownership of public utilities such as street-car lines, gas, electric and waterworks, telephone and ferry privileges. Not only have they yielded their owners, at the expense of the public, hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars in profits upon the original investment, but in nearly every instance of private ownership of virtual monopolies, vast issues of "watered" stock, representing nothing more than present or prospective earnings, has been created. By reason of its dividend-paying properties, this fictitious stock at once has become as definitely valuable as the really legitimate stock which was primarily based upon the cost of construction, equipment and operation. A company which spent, say, a million dollars half a century or less than that ago in outlays, will now have forty, and often far more than that amount represented in the issued stock. All this is done under form of law; it is a gross swindle of the people from whom the truly stupendous sums that thus go to enrich a few have to come ultimately; and in future ages it will be looked upon with the same wonderment which we now bestow upon the historical descriptions of the oppressive institutions of feudal days. No perspicacity is needed to see from whence the fortunes of hundreds of American millionaires have come; and it is not a matter for wonderment that these beneficiaries, always seeking further privileges or intent on suppressing hostile legislation, should be very willing to spend some of the millions so easily gotten, in debauching various public bodies and officials.

Though it had given over to private hands the franchise monopoly of scores of the streets for surface-car lines, the city of Philadelphia, for nearly sixty years, had owned and operated its gasworks. Inefficiently managed as were these works—for reasons I shall state later—and looked upon by the "machine" as simply a part of its rightful spoils for the distribution of places to supporters regardless of qualifications, yet no politician so far had dared venture the suggestion that the city should cease its control of the gasworks. So continuously had the people suffered from the extortions of companies dealing in public utilities that they were impatient of any new proposal involving the surrender of more city property. Mayor Warwick, a "machine" tool, himself recognized this feeling when in his second annual report he declared that "the gasworks are a most valuable asset, and should never pass from the absolute control of the city," and that "whenever such a property passes into private hands, it in time becomes an extortionate monopoly." These words were fine enough; yet his pen was scarcely dry before—in deference to the "bosses"—he transmitted to the City Councils an ordinance providing for the lease of the gasworks to the United Gas Improvement Company for a period of thirty years.

The Municipal League, a vigilant organization composed of the few public-spirited citizens in Philadelphia, protested that should the lease be granted, it would be, to all purposes, beyond the city's power at the end of that time to regain possession; that it would not only be difficult to get the money for the repayment of the Company for the amount expended in improvements and for "watered" stock, but that if the venture were profitable, the influence of the Company, increasing with its capital and the number of its employes, would be used—and reasoning from ex-

perience used successfully—against the city's exercising its option. The Municipal League stirred up much popular indignation; but counting upon the improbability of any triumphant reform movement, fortified as the "machine" was by the election laws, subservient "Democratic" allies and its unhindered fraudulent vote, the "bosses" paid no attention whatever to this outburst of feeling.

They had one plausible reason at least for this. It was in the action of "eminent respectability"—an element whose sinister influence more than any other is responsible for most of the political depravity in America. They it is who are sowing the whirlwind that a future generation is to reap. In every town in the land this type is met with. Regular church-goers posing as patterns of civic and domestic virtues, lauded as paragons of commercial integrity, a glamor is thrown incessantly about them. Their pretentious ebullitions of patriotism; their Fourth of July and Washington's birthday rhetorical orations; their philanthropic attitude, giving a library here or building a hospital there—all seem to single them out to the superficial observer as persons of real distinction. Surrounded by this halo, newspapers, which they either own or subsidize by means of advertisements or actual payments of money, and other newspapers, incorruptible but sycophantic, harp unceasingly upon their reputations, and present their slightest sayings to the crowd as those of oracles. The names of dozens of these men I have in mind; yet no theft of public franchises, no passage of special discriminating laws, no low cunning to use corrupt political "bosses" and forces in their aims, fails to reveal their open or cloaked activities. The literal but not apparent instigators of trouble to come, they are now cringed to as "distinguished financiers" or "prominent business men."

These were the sponsors, enveloped in their sanctimonious garb of "respectability," who now came forward to lend the weight of their names and the force of their sophistical arguments to the gasworks robbery. Pointing to their endorsement as showing the drift of public opinion, the City Councils rushed the ordinance through, and the mayor, without the semblance of a public hearing, hastily signed the measure. So was given as a practical gift to a private company the absolute control of a public utility worth, as it undoubtedly will be made by means of extortionate rates and "watered" stock, probably fifty million dollars, if indeed not more, during the thirty years of the lease.

The particular sort of "arguments" that unquestionably actuated the councilmen to pass this ordinance was indicated a few days later when, intoxicated by the success of the gasworks scheme, the majority of councilmen made an audacious attempt to give over the city's water-supply works to a private company for a period of fifty years. The measure was passed in the Select Council with wondrous ease, but in the Common Council Walter W. Stevenson, one of the few honest members, rose in his seat and openly charged that he had been offered by a lobbyist, one Peter E. Smith, five thousand dollars for his vote on the ordinance. Common rumors of bribery and definite charges of bribery are very different things; the "machine" could ignore the first in its jamming through of the gasworks ordinance; the other, being specific, demanded, if only for an appearance of decency, serious consideration. It was thought wiser to postpone the waterworks ordinance indefinitely. On Mr. Smith's trial, the inevitable "technicalities," so common in trials of influential politicians and lobbyists, intervened to prevent conviction. Another councilman, Louis J. Walker, admitted on examination that

he had been paid five hundred dollars in cash by common councilman Charles Seger, in the latter's saloon, for the signing of a favorable committee report, and that he was offered subsequently five thousand dollars for his vote on the ordinance. None of those implicated in the bribery charges have had to make the acquaintance of a prison cell.

There seems to be no doubt that for years a conspiracy was afoot to mismanage the gas- and water-works to such a point of deterioration that the public, driven to the last stages of disgust, would look upon private ownership as the lesser evil. Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the Municipal League, pointed out these designs in an article in the *American Journal of Sociology* for March 1898, and cited the statement of a well-known Philadelphian; and Dr. Milo R. Maltbie, editor of *Municipal Affairs*, made a similar statement in the issue of that journal for June 1899.

But gasworks, however wretchedly managed, entail only inconvenience, and not perceptible fatalities. The state of the waterworks touches the very physical existence of the people. The water-supply was allowed to become not only filthy, but to be poisoned with the dye wastes and excrement of many mills and towns emptying their refuse into the Schuylkill, from which Philadelphia gets its water. An appalling mortality for years has been the result. Within a period of four months in the early part of the year 1899 there were 6524 cases of typhoid fever and 927 deaths. Through the years 1900, 1901 and 1902 there has been a constant epidemic of disease. The average death-rate has reached the abnormal total of seventy

per thousand¹—a rate nowhere equalled in the great civilized cities in non-epidemic times. "For every case of typhoid fever somebody ought to be hung" Dr. Maltbie quotes as the statement of an eminent English sanitarian, and he estimates that for typhoid fever alone the cost of medical attendance and other associated necessities to the people of Philadelphia has amounted to at least nine hundred thousand dollars a year. But this is only a hint of what the aggregate would have been did the entire population drink city water. Thousands upon thousands, though paying their water tax, would not taste the noxious stuff, depending upon daily supplies of spring water which were brought from the country in great quantities and retailed from door to door by private companies.

When again in 1899 organized bodies of representative citizens joined with certain open-spoken newspapers and journals in repeatedly demanding remedial action, the City Councils were as corruptly disposed as before. There were not wanting dozens of "prominent men" who came forward to argue against any agitation that would announce to the world the raging of a typhoid epidemic. Their mainstay was the usual selfish, cold-blooded grounds so often displayed by money-grubbers to whom human life and civic duty are nothing beside per cent. and per cent. "Trade would be driven from the city; commercial buyers and tourists would patronize other cities; an irreparable wrong would be done to business interests." The City Councils, as a final consideration, cared nothing for indignant expressions of righteous public opinion. Notwithstanding the scandals of 1897 the "machine" had won at the elections

¹ This estimate, well to be regarded as startling, was made in a paper published on the subject at the time. It is enough to tax one's credulity. Allowing for the greatest

exaggeration, one fact is patent: that the rate of mortality in Philadelphia has been and is excessive.

in the fall of that year and in 1898; in the United States the most palpably corrupt politicians always have a cheerfully brazen way of pointing to a triumph at the polls, no matter how obtained, as their "vindication." So that when an ordinance to purify the city's water-supply came before the City Councils in 1899, it was defeated in the Common Council by a vote of 24 to 13; the conspiracy was still alive evidently for the subversion of the city's water-works. The *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia's most conservative newspaper, thereupon denounced the unyielding councilmen as "truly public enemies contending against the most vital public interests, such as the prosperity, health and lives of the community, as would be armed alien foes in the city's streets."

It was only much later, after the most provoking delays costing thousands of human lives and millions of dollars losses, that the City Councils graciously consented to pass an Act appropriating a sufficient sum for the purification of the water-supply; and even this sum, it is freely charged, is being disbursed extravagantly among favored contractors.

Facing all these conditions day after day, year after year, it was natural enough that even so thoughtful, restrained a public citizen as Philip C. Garrett should have written in a letter: "We have reached a state of things in which jobbery and robbery seem to stalk with such effrontery in public places that it is beginning to seem to be the duty of every good citizen to strike in every way that is most effective at the dominant party in our city until it is deprived of power." And even the erudite Wayne McVeagh, a former Republican Attorney-General of the United States, a man of foresight and comprehensive judgment, a man who more than once has sounded to Americans a warning of the convulsions Time will

surely produce if popular discontent is not met in a spirit of good faith—Wayne McVeagh exclaimed in exasperation: "Sometimes I think that we have the most abandoned and ignorant specimens of humanity God permits to live in and to represent our city."

That was several years ago, when it was thought that the superlative in administrative pollution had been reached. It was only the milder precursor of what was still to be heaped upon the supine inhabitants of Philadelphia.

For years Philadelphia had been pillaged by monopolies, not only created by official sanction, but in which high officials and every corrupt personage whose "influence" was desired, were listed as stockholders. It was customary even to bribe indirectly the editors of various newspapers; some of these, be it said to their credit, had character enough to scorn bribes. One of the monopolies which dominated Philadelphia through its control of the "bosses" was the National Electric Company. Seeking to extort still more money from the city on its contracts, it secured favorable action by the City Councils in 1899. The means to which it resorted were divulged sufficiently in an article published in the *Evening Telegraph* of Philadelphia in April of that year. In this article was incorporated an authentic copy of an agreement signed by C. F. Kindred, a well-known political leader whose name was unpleasantly in the water-works scandal. The document set forth that Mr. Kindred agreed to deliver to one H. Somers one hundred thousand dollars in full paid stock of the Company provided the ordinance became a law. At the same time the *Evening Telegraph* made public an affidavit sworn to by its financial reporter, George F. Turner, detailing that on May 10, 1899, he—Mr. Turner—had been notified that one hundred shares of National Electric Company stock, worth ten dollars and fifty

cents a share, had been allotted to him. In England such a charge would have meant an immediate investigation; it fell flat in Philadelphia. The consequences of the granting of monopoly privileges to the National Electric Company have been two-fold: the city government is now paying fifty per cent. more for electricity than the price offered by a responsible company which sought competition, and private consumers must pay whatever the Company asks without chances of redress.

In the year 1899 other monopolies which had grown rich out of all proportion on the tribute levied upon the city, grew still more grasping, seeing that there were no obstacles that could not be dissipated by the use of "proper arguments"—that ironical American phrase denoting so much of evil import. The asphalt monopoly, composed of a combination of contractors, had been threatened in 1898 with some competition from the Trinidad and Bermudez Company—an independent concern which was sufficiently buttressed with funds to expect tender favors from the city officials. The combination, however, proved the victor. What "inducements" it privately brought to bear must be left to conjecture, but it shrewdly gave the administration a good excuse for accepting its bid by lowering its charges to \$1.04 per square yard for resurfacing, and \$1.22 for new work—rates which in themselves yielded high profits. The very next year, 1899, the independent Company found it convenient to join the combination; when the bids for that year were opened it was seen that the lowest bid, that of the monopoly, was \$2.75 for new work, and for re-surfacing, \$2.40. Here was an increase over 1898 of \$1.36 per square yard for repairs and \$1.53 for new work. As about \$1,500,000 was expended for asphalt in 1899, the opportunities of the asphalt monopoly are

evident, for they have grown greater, if anything, since three years ago.

In the same year, 1899, the City Councils passed an ordinance awarding a contract to one Michael O'Rourke, allowing him \$234,500 for repairing 500 streets with cobble, granite block, or rubble, despite the offer of another responsible contractor to do the work for \$150,000. Mr. O'Rourke got another contract stipulating to him the sum of \$275,000 for street repairs—making a total of \$510,000, "which is at least three times the amount the work could be done for properly," according to the Annual Report for 1899 of the Board of Managers of the Municipal League. A garbage collecting monopoly, known as the American Product Company, having suppressed competition, named its own charges. These in the year 1898 had been justly enough a subject of scandal; but in 1899 the monopoly raised its prices to \$358,000, being \$27,300 more than its own bid for 1898. Its extortions in 1902 are such that Philadelphia is paying for the disposal of its garbage 50 per cent. more than the borough of Manhattan, New York City, and 100 per cent. more than the borough of Brooklyn—both of which places, having a population of about 2,000,000, were from 1898 to 1901 under Tammany control. The gasoline monopoly is another Philadelphian product which has grown year by year until it now seems to defy competition and extermination. That bribery has been done in getting its contracts was specifically charged by Mr. David H. Newbold, a Baltimore contractor, who, in a statement made public a year ago, named \$40,000 as the sum given for influencing the awarding of a single contract.

During all this saturnalia of corruption, including an organized system of blackmailing brothel and saloon keepers and others, the brazen assurance, the sonorous pretentiousness of the city

officials have been of a degree astounding to a stranger, but quite familiar to one who knows how, for public consumption, the plundering politician habitually exudes the most perfervid expressions of patriotism, the loftiest notes of purity of purpose. I shall give a specimen or two. At the opening of the International Commercial Congress in Philadelphia in 1899, Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge, the worst mayor Philadelphia has ever had, unctuously referred to the city as one "with a name significant of brotherly love and with a history that speaks of the lessons of liberty and points to a higher civilization." It was in Philadelphia, the mayor went on to tell in carefully rounded sentences, "that liberty was proclaimed throughout the land; here the immortal Declaration of Independence was first pronounced; where Washington's farewell address, a monument of lofty patriotism, was read; where the Constitution of the United States, a document famous in every nation and in every clime as the highest exponent of liberty, was framed"—and much more to the same effect. And United States Senator Boies Penrose, one of the beneficiaries and leaders of the Republican State "machine," expatiated upon the founding of Philadelphia "in a spirit of goodwill and justice to all men; here were laid the seeds of civilization upon a basis of philanthropy, of benevolence, of a horror of war, and a love of peace." The *North American*, now Philadelphia's most progressive newspaper, took a less pleasing view, when it said a little later—May 15, 1899: "This paper believes Philadelphia to-day the most plundered municipal corporation on earth. Its commerce, its transporting facilities, and many of its public franchises dealing with the necessities of life, are largely controlled by corruption and dominated and manipulated with the sole view of gratifying the cu-

pidity of a few rich men and a few potential politicians."

The elections in 1899 and 1900 were but a repetition of the many that had been held before. It was conservatively estimated that not less than thirty thousand fraudulent votes were cast, some observers even placing the number at fifty thousand. One man admitted that he had voted the Republican ticket thirty-seven times in the election of 1899. "It is well-known," says the report for that year of the Municipal League, "that the police force had its orders to assist vigorously in the election of the city candidates approved by the Administration. The methods they used ranged from mild persuasion to clubbing and false arrest."

The year 1901 brought a final pitch of corruption such as made the thefts of former years, in the language of Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, "seem decent and respectable by comparison."

Mr. Albert Johnson, a brother of Mayor Thomas L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, owned and operated numerous trolley electric street car lines in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Seeking an entrance into that city for his system, Mr. Johnson found that fully one hundred and eighty miles of streets were as yet unused for street cars, and for the franchise of operating on them he offered to pay the city a good bonus, to charge no more than three cents a passenger (the present rate being five cents), and to give free transfers at intersecting points. His proposition opened the eyes of the "machine" politicians to new possibilities. They saw in it a hitherto unappreciated scheme of plunder on the one hand and of striking a blow at one of the principal owners of the Union Traction Co. in Philadelphia, a man who had made himself pestiferously active in opposing Mr. Quay's re-election to the United States Senate.

Without any previous public an-

nouncement two Bills, drawn to cover all purposes, were introduced into the Senate of Pennsylvania at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of May 29, 1901. One of these Bills made changes in a prevailing statute dealing with street railways so as to allow the widest powers to new Companies (plans for which had already been perfected in secret); the other Bill gave such powers of eminent domain on the streets as was necessary for either underground, elevated or street railways to any incorporated Company having the permission of the City Councils. Within five minutes after their introduction, these Bills were reported from Committee; by 8.15 o'clock they were printed and on the desks of the Senate, and by 9 P.M. passed on first reading. Notwithstanding the next day—May 30—was a holiday (Memorial Day), the Bills passed second reading. A day later they were passed finally, and were sent to the lower branch of the Legislature for concurrence. There thirty amendments were offered by the few determined but powerless anti-"machine" men. One of these amendments provided for three-cent fares; another that no franchise should be sold until the road was built; another secured to the city of Philadelphia the right to purchase the roads; another limited the duration of the franchise to twenty-five years. Every amendment, however, was jeeringly defeated and debate cut off, though not before Representative Coray, an able man of integrity, mocked the unscrupulous Republican majority by reading from the platform of a previous Republican State Convention some paragraphs beginning "We decry the use of money in politics;" "We are against the granting of exclusive franchises covering public comfort and conveyances; Corporations enjoying public franchises should be made to pay for them." These "prin-

ciples," as United States Senator Quay termed them, had been recommended by that dignitary himself according to his written statement at the time—Quay, by whose orders these Bills were now being whipped through the Legislature. The lower branch passed them, and they were promptly signed by Governor Stone.

"The bribery of the Legislature was open, undenied," said Lieutenant-Governor Gobin of Pennsylvania, referring to the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1901, according to that reliable weekly *City and State* issue of September 19, 1901.

I never heard of anything like it, and never knew a time when it was so open and barefaced. Why, everybody seemed to know it. People in the streets talked about it, and pointed out this or that man who had received so much for his vote on this or that Bill. The knowledge of it was not confined to the politicians by any means. Every one seemed to know and to talk about the prices paid and who got them, and neither side seemed to be afraid of the other. Why, even the men who bought the votes talked and laughed about it, and the men who received the money talked about it among themselves.

In line with this authoritative statement, *The Press*, a Republican newspaper of Philadelphia, averred that over a million dollars had been spent in corrupting the Legislature of Pennsylvania. One may be inclined to dispute *The Press's* exact estimate—the amount might have been more or less—but no one seriously thinks of controverting the charge itself of indiscriminate corruption.

This being so of the Legislature, it is not the less so of the City Councils of Philadelphia. No sooner had Governor Stone signed the Bills than a number of Philadelphia and other State politicians made applications for fourteen charters covering as many electric car lines. Their certificate of incorpora-

tion, prepared before the Bills were even introduced into the Legislature, placed their total capital at seven million three hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars—an altogether misleading valuation, for in the course of years, with the profits from "watered" stock and from the operation of the roads, the real valuation would amount to many times that sum. A special meeting of the City Councils was called hurriedly to act upon the applications. The Municipal League protested, but unavailingly. The ordinances were passed, one councilman objecting to debate in this wise: "It's a hot afternoon. Let's pass the Bills and go home." While the ordinances were in Mayor Ashbridge's hands for final action, Mr. John Wanamaker, a well-known Philadelphia and New York merchant, sent a letter to the mayor offering to pay the city two million five hundred thousand dollars for the franchises. "The mayor," says Mr. Woodruff, "received this letter while at the ceremonies incident to the opening of the new United States Mint. On recognizing from whom the communication came, he threw the letter into the crowd. Immediately after the ceremony he went back to his office in the City Hall and began the work of signing the ordinances. . . . By midnight they were all signed." So were given away as a gift to a few men, without any returns to the city, franchises worth many millions of dollars. The roads have thus far not been built. The owners of these new franchises have "pooled issues"—as the saying is—with the company that hitherto has had a street car monopoly of Philadelphia—the Union Traction Company. Thus Philadelphia is more at the mercy of monopoly than ever.

This exploitation of the city of Philadelphia was only one of a number of similar acts during 1901. There was, for instance, not to mention other mat-

ters of spoliation, the granting without restriction and against the protest of all wide-awake respectable citizens, of monopoly privileges worth at least five million dollars to the Keystone Telephone Company.

All self-respecting citizens were now at last roused to fury. A determined movement sprang up to suppress the "machine" at the polls. Under the name of the Union Party, decent Republicans and Democrats united and carried on a vigorous campaign. The election was for various city and State officials, such as recorder, controller, district attorney, State treasurer, judges, and others. Against the Union Party was the Republican "machine," with its appalling resources in point of funds and frauds, and the Democratic "machine," which, as the creature of its brother "machine" and financial backer, nominated its own "ticket" so as to make a divided opposition. To the dismay, but not to the disheartenment of all who sought good government, the Republican "machine" won by an average plurality of thirty-five thousand in a total vote of two hundred and forty-one thousand and thirteen, the Union Party receiving a little over one hundred thousand votes.

I cannot do better here than give two elucidating post-election statements on the manner in which the election was held:

The Union Party and their allies [said Mr. Tustin, Chairman of the City Committee of the Union Party] have polled over 100,000 genuine honest ballots. These represent the judgment of independent, liberty-loving citizens who prefer the honor of their city and their country to mere partisan politics. . . . Every thoughtful citizen who attended the polls on Tuesday observed the office-holders lined up and driven like sheep to the booths, and, in many cases, saw the ward or division boss accompany them clear into the voting compartment to make sure that they

obeyed their taskmasters. In addition to this, never before in the history of Philadelphia has there been so much intimidation and so much fraud. In nine wards where the elections were farcical, 5500 more votes were cast then for the late President McKinley, who, a year ago, polled the enormous majority of 115,000 over W. J. Bryan. . . . The magnificent vote of 100,000 independent citizens shows that the public conscience has been thoroughly aroused. . . . All the causes that made the Union Party a necessity still exist and will continue to exist in a greater and greater degree until the authors of all this corruption are deposed from power.

The other statement is one set forth in *City and State*:

One explanation of the success of the "machine" last week can be put in a few words: intimidation, purchase, fraud, and hide-bound partisanship. . . . If intimidation or coercion could not be used on a voter, it was a simple matter to resort to other methods. . . . The threat to raid a cigar store or a barber shop where a slot machine was kept, if the proprietor was suspected of friendliness for the Union ticket—little things like these had quite a "persuasive" influence in keeping voters in line for the regular ticket.

Having again proved itself secure against an unavailing opposition, the "machine" continued, in 1902, its enormities both in administrative measures and at the elections. Corrupt and exorbitant contracts for city needs and supplies were heaped upon one another with such an assurance as came only from the knowledge that popular patience was impotent, or if not impotent, was reduced to such a state of debauchery that it would tolerate any excesses. It was believed that, from the very limitations of the opportunities, no more public franchises could be had for the present. But the vigilantly corrupt ever see new avenues for plunder invisible to ordinary sight. A Bill

The National Review.

was passed by the Council, granting, as a free gift to a few politicians and financiers, a perpetual franchise to build a subway electric railway on many of the most profitable streets in the city.

The two elections held in 1902, one in February for lesser city officials, the other the General Election in November for Governor and associate State officers, mayor, congressmen, and other posts in city, State, or national government, were but repetitions of preceding elections in point of frauds at the polls. To dwell upon them in detail would be a superfluity, for each new election in Philadelphia presents the same consistent practices and abuses as were witnessed in other elections. A trifle in extent the enormities may vary from year to year, but the general result is in keeping with previous records. It has been ascertained on good authority that, at the election in November, 1902, fully 60,000 fraudulent names were in the voting-lists, and that from 60,000 to 80,000 votes credited to the Republicans represented fraudulent voting and ballot-box stuffing.

Within the last few years Philadelphia has been robbed directly and indirectly, if all the different, devious methods are considered, of an amount probably not less than one hundred million dollars, and possibly far more. Tweed's robberies were done thirty years ago, when civic ideals as applied to municipalities were less understood than now. Tweed was overthrown and sent to prison; and his associates fled to the four quarters of the earth. The Philadelphia thieves were never more powerful than they are to-day; the end of the domination is apparently still remote. Well may the world contemplate this "City of Brotherly Love" with justifiable disgust and horror.

Gustavus Myers.

THE TRADER OF LAST NOTCH.

In Manicaland summer wears the livery of the tropics. At the foot of the hills north of Macequece every yard of earth is vocal with life, and the bush is brave with color. Where the earth shows it is red, as though a wound bled. The mimosas have not yet come to flower, but amid their delicate green the long thorns, straight or curved like claws, gleam with the flash of silver. Palms poise aloft, brilliant and delicate, and under foot flowers are abroad. The flame-blossom blazes in scarlet. The sangdieu burns in sullen vermillion. Insects fill the world with the noise of their business—spiders, butterflies, and centipedes, ants, beetles and flies, and mysterious entities that crawl nameless underfoot. A peahen shrieks in the grass, and a kite whistles aloft. A remote speck in the sky denotes a watchful vulture, alert for any mishap to the citizens of the woods, and a crash of twigs may mean anything from a buck to a rhipoceros. There is a hectic on the face of nature.

The trader of Last Notch went homewards to his store through such a maze of urgent life, and panted in the heat. He had been out to shoot guinea-fowl, had shot none and expended all his cartridges, and his gun, glinting in the strong light as he walked, was heavy to his shoulder and hot to his hand. His mood was one of patient protest, for the sun found him an easy prey and he had yet some miles to go. Where another man would have said "Damn the heat," and done with it, John Mills, the trader, tasted the word on his lips, forebore to slip it, and counted it to himself for virtue. He set a large value on restraint, which, in view of his strength and resolute daring, was

perhaps not wholly false. He was a large man, more noticeable for a sturdy solidness of proportion than for height, and his strong face was won to pleasantness by a brown beard, which he wore "navy fash." His store, five big huts above the kloof known as Last Notch, was at the heart of a large Kafir population; and the natives, agriculturists by convention and warriors between whites, patronized him very liberally. The Englishmen and Portuguese of the country held him in favor, and he enjoyed that esteem which a strong quiet man, who has proved himself to have reserves of violence, commonly wins from turbulent neighbors.

He was trying for a short cut home, and purposed to wade the Revue River wherever he should strike it. Over the low bush about him he could see his hills yet a couple of hours off, and he sighed for thirst and extreme discomfort. No one, he knew, lived thereabouts—no one, at least, who was likely to have whisky at hand, though, for the matter of that, he would have welcomed a hut and a draught of Kafir *itycala*. His surprise was the greater, then, when there appeared from the growth beside his path as white a man as himself, a tall, somewhat ragged figure,—but rags tell no news at all in Manicaland,—who wore a large black moustache and smiled affably on him.

He noted that the stranger was a fine figure of a man, tall and slim, with clear dark eyes and tanned face, and he saw, too, that he wore a heavy Webley on his right hip. The newcomer continued to smile as Mills scanned him over, and waited for the trader to speak first.

"Hullo!" said Mills at length.

"'Ullo!" replied the stranger, smiling

still. He had a capital smile, and Mills was captivated into smiling in sympathy.

"Who may you be?" he asked agreeably; "didn't expect to meet no white men about here. Where's your boys?"

The tall man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the coast, as though to imply that he had carriers somewhere in that part of the world.

"Yais," he said pleasantly. "An' you are Jone Mills, eh?"

"That's me," said Mills promptly, lowering the butt of his gun to the ground and resting both hands on the muzzle. The stranger started slightly, but did not cease to smile.

"I don't seem to know you," pondered Mills. "I can't fix you at all."

"Ah, but you will. Le' me see. Was it Beira, eh?"

Mills shook his head decidedly. "I never was in Beira," he said.

"Not Beira?" queried the stranger. "Oh, but surelee. No? Well, Mandega's, per'aps?"

"Mandega's? Yes, I was there for a bit. I had a block of claims on the ditch, next to old Jimmy Ryan's."

"Ah, yais," said the tall man eagerly. "I know 'im. An' there you shoot the Intendente, not? That was ver' fine. I see you coom down all quiet, an' shoot 'im in the 'ead. It was done ver' nice?"

Mills face darkened. "He was robbin' me, the swine," he answered. "He'd been robbin' me for six months. But that's nobody's business but mine, and anyhow I didn't shoot him in the head. It was in the chest. An' now, who the blazes are you?"

"You do' know me?" smiled the stranger; "but I know you. Oh, ver' well. I see you ver' often. You see? My name is Jacques."

"Jack what?" demanded Mills.

"Not Jack—Jacques. Tha' 's all. All the people call me Frenchy, eh? You don' remember?"

"No," said Mills thoughtfully; "but then I seen a good many chaps, and I'd be like to forget some o' them. You doin' anything round here?"

The man who called himself Jacques held up a finger. "Ah, you wan' to know, eh? Well, I don' tell you. I fin' anything, I don't tell all the people: I don't blow the gaff. I sit still, eh? I lie low, eh? I keep 'im all for me, eh? You see?"

"Well, of course," agreed Mills; "struck a pocket, I suppose. I shouldn't have thought you'd have found much here. But then, of course, you're not going to give your game away. Where's your camp? I could do with a drink."

"Back there," said the Frenchman, pointing in the direction whence Mills had come. "'Bout five miles. You don' want to come, eh? Too far, eh?"

"Yes, I reckon it's too far," replied Mills. "I'm not more than four miles from my own *kia* now. You goin' on?"

"Yais," agreed the Frenchman, "I go a leetle bit. Not too far, eh?"

They moved on through the bush. Mills shifted his gun from shoulder to shoulder, and suffered still from heat and sweat. His taller companion went more easily, striding along, as Mills thought, glancing at him, "like a fox." The warmth appeared not to distress him in the least.

"By Jove," exclaimed the trader. "You're the build of man for this blooming country. You travel as if you was born to it. Don't the heat trouble you at all?"

"Oh, no," answered the Frenchman carelessly. "You see, I come from a 'ot country. In France it is ver' often 'ot. But you don' like it, eh?"

"No," said the trader, with emphasis. "I was after pea-hen, or you wouldn't see me out this time o' the day. English chaps can't stand it."

"Eh?"

"English chaps can't stand it, I said."

repeated Mills. "They mos'ly lie up till its cooler."

"Ah, yals."

They were now nearing the river. A steam rose over the bushes and spiralled into the air, and the hum of water going slowly was audible. A few minutes of walking brought them to its banks. The stream flowed greasily and dark, some forty yards wide, but in the middle it forked about a spit of sand not more than ten paces broad. It was a very Lethe of a river, running oilly and with a slumberous sound, and its reputation for crocodiles was vile.

Mills sat down and began to pull off his boots.

"As well here as anywhere," he said. "I'll try it, anyhow."

"I go back now," said the Frenchman. "Some day I come up an' see you, eh? You like that?"

"Come along any time," replied Mills cheerfully as he slung his boots across his shoulders. "You don't think that island's a quicksand, eh?"

The Frenchman turned and stared at it. "I do' know," he answered. "Per'aps. You goin' to try, eh?"

"Yes, I'll have a shot at it. You can mos'ly trust yourself on 'em, if you walk light and quick. But we'll see."

The Frenchman watched him as he waded out. The black water reached no higher than his knees, but the ground was soft underfoot, and he floundered anxiously.

"It sucks at you," he called. "It's all greasy."

He moved on, and came to the sand island.

"It's better here," he called. "I'll be all right now."

The Frenchman jumped to his feet.

"Look out!" he shouted, gesticulating violently. "You go down; walk off 'im!"

Mills glanced down, and saw that the creeping sand had him knee-deep. He dragged his right foot forth and

plunged forward, but with the action his left leg sank to the crutch, and he only kept his balance with a violent effort.

The Frenchman danced on the bank. "Throw you' gun down," he shouted. "Throw you' boots down. You' in to the waist now. Push yo'self back to the water. Push hard."

He wrung his hands together with excitement.

Mills threw down his rifle, and the sand swallowed it at once. He turned his head to the man at the bank.

"It's no good, chum," he said quietly. "I reckon you better take a shot at me with that revolver."

The sand was in his arm-pits. The Frenchman ceased to jump and wring his hands, and smiled at him oddly. Mills, in the midst of his trouble, felt an odd sense of outraged propriety. The smile, he reflected, was ill-timed—and he was sinking deeper.

"What you grinning at?" he gasped. "Shoot, can't you?"

"I coom pull you out," said the Frenchman, fumbling at the buckle of his belt, and he forthwith stepped into the water.

He waded swiftly to within five feet of the sinking man and flung him the end of the belt. Mills failed to catch it, and the Frenchman shifted his feet cautiously and flung again.

"Now," he shouted, as the trader gripped it, "catch 'old tight," and he started to drag him bodily forwards.

"Careful," cried Mills; "you're sinking."

The Frenchman stepped free hastily, and strained on the belt again. Mills endeavored to kick with his entombed legs, and called a warning as his rescuer sunk in the sands. Thus they wrestled, and at length Mills found his head in the water and his body free.

He rose, and they waded to the bank. "Of all the quicksands I ever saw," said the trader slowly, as he sat down

and gazed at the place that had so nearly been his grave, "that one's the worst."

"Orrid," agreed the Frenchman, smiling amicably. "You was ver' near buried, eh?"

"Yes," said the trader thoughtfully. "I suppose any one 'ud say you saved my life, Frenchy?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"Exactly," said Mills. "Well, there's my hand for you, Frenchy. You done me a good turn. I'll do as much for you one of these days."

"Eh?" said the Frenchman as he shook hands.

"You've got a nasty habit of saying 'Eh?'" retorted the trader. "I said I'd do as much for you one of these days. Comprenny?"

"Oh yais," smiled the Frenchman. "I think you will. Tha's all right."

"Well," said Mills, "I wish you'd come up and see me at my *kia*. Sure you can't come now?"

"Yais, I coom now," answered the other.

Mills stared. "'Fraid you can't trust me to go alone, are you?" he queried. "'Cause, if so——"

"Tha's all right," interrupted the Frenchman. "I coom now."

"Right you are," said Mills heartily. "Come along then!"

They strode off in the direction of the drift, Mills going thoughtfully, with an occasional glance at his companion. The Frenchman smiled perpetually, and once he laughed out.

"What's the joke?" demanded the trader.

"I think I do a good piece of business to-day," replied the Frenchman.

"H'm, yes," continued Mills suspiciously.

It was a longish uphill walk to the trader's store, and the night fell while they were yet on the way. With the darkness there came a breeze, cool and refreshing; the sky filled with sharp

points of light, and the bush woke with a new life. The crackle of their boots on the stiff grass as they walked sent live things scattering to left and right, and once a night-adder hissed malevolently at the Frenchman's heel. They talked little as they went, but Mills noticed that now and again his companion appeared to check a laugh. He experienced a feeling of vague indignation against the man who had saved his life; he was selfish in not sharing his point of view and the thoughts which amused him. At times reserve can be the most selfish thing imaginable, and one might as well be reticent on a desert island as in Manicaland. Moreover, despite the tolerant manners of the country, Mills was conscious of something unexplained in his companion,—something which engendered a suspicion on general grounds.

The circle of big dome-shaped huts which constituted the store of Last Notch came into view against a sky of dull velvet as they breasted the last rise. The indescribable homely smell of a fire greeted the nostrils with the force of a spoken welcome. They could hear the gabble of the Kafirs at their supper and the noise of their shrill empty laughter.

"That's home," said Mills, breaking a long silence.

"Yais," murmured the Frenchman; "'ome, eh? Yais. Ver' naice."

"You may say what you like," continued the trader aggressively. "Home is something. Though never so 'umble, ye know, there's no place like home."

"Tha's all right," assented the other gaily. "I know a man name' Albert Smith, an' 'e sing that in the jail at Belra. Sing all the night till I stop 'im with a broom. Yais."

Mills grunted, and they entered the *skoff kia*—the largest of the huts, sacred to the uses of a dining-room. It contained two canvas chairs, a camp table, a variety of boxes to sit upon, and

some picture-paper illustrations on the mud wall. A candle in a bottle illuminated it, and a bird in the thatch overhead twittered volubly at their presence. Some tattered books lay in the corner.

They washed in the open air, sluicing themselves from buckets, and dressed again in clean dungarees in another hut.

"Skoff [food] 'll be ready by now," said Mills; "but I think a gargle's 'the first thing. You'll have whisky, or gin?"

The Frenchman pronounced for whisky, and took it neat. Mills stared.

"If I took off a dose like that," he observed, "I should be as drunk as an owl. You know how to shift it!"

"Eh?"

"Gimme patience," prayed the trader. "You bleat like a yowe. I said you can take it, the drink. Savvy? *Wena poosa meningi sterrik*. Have some more?"

"Oh yais," smiled the guest. "Ver' good w'lsky, eh?"

He tossed off another four fingers of the liquor, and they sat down to their meal. The food was such as most tables in Maniceland offered. Everything was tinned, and the *menu* ran the gamut of edibles from roast capon (cold) to *paté de foie gras* in a pot. When they had finished Mills passed over his tobacco and sat back. He watched the other light up and blow a white cloud, and then spoke.

"Look here, Frenchy," he said, looking at him steadily; "I don't quite cotton to you, and I think it proper you should say a bit more than you have said."

"Eh?" queried the other smiling.

Mills glowered, but restrained himself. "I want to know who you are, and I guess I mean to know too, so out with it!"

"Ah, yais," replied the Frenchman, and removed his pipe from his mouth. He trimmed the bowl fastidiously with

his thumb, smiling the while. Of a sudden he looked up, and the smile was gone. He gave Mills back a look as purposeful as his own.

"I'm the man that save you in the river," he said meaningly.

"Well," began the trader hotly, but stopped. "That's true," he answered thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself. "Yes, that's true. You've got me, Frenchy."

"Yais," went on the Frenchman, leaning forward across the table, and speaking with an emphasis that was like an insult. "You sink there in the sand. I stop and save you. I stop, you see, although the men from Macequece coom after me and want to kill me. But I don't run away; I don't say to you, 'I can' stop. You go down; you die.' I don't say that. I stop. I save you. An' now you say to me, 'Frenchy, 'oo the 'ell are you?' Yais."

Mills shrugged protestingly. The appeal was to the core of his nature; the demand was one he could not dishonor.

"I didn't say just that," he urged. "But what are the chaps from Macequece after you for?"

"Tha's all right," replied the Frenchman with a wave of his hand. "You say, 'Frenchy, I don't like you. Dam you, Frenchy!' Ver' well. The men coom, you give me to them. They shoot me. Tha's all right; yais."

He replaced his pipe and commenced again to smoke with an expression of weary indifference.

"I'm not that sort," said Mills. "I'm open to admit I didn't quite take to you—at first. I can't say fairer than that. But tell me what you done to rile the chaps. Did you kill a bloke, or what?"

"Jone Mills," said the Frenchman—"Jone Mills shoot the Intendente at Mandega's. Kill 'im dead. Dead as pork. They don't chase Jone Mills. They don't want to shoot Jone Mills.

No. Frenchy—po' ol' Frenchy—'e shoot a man in Macequece. Shoot 'im dead. Dead as pork. *Then* they all coom after 'im. Wan' to shoot 'im. An' po' ol' Frenchy, 'e stop to pull Jone Mills out of the river. 'E save Jone Mills. Jone squeak an' say, 'Shoot me quick befo' I choke.' But Frenchy stop an' pull 'im out. Yais. An' then they shoot Frenchy. Yais!" He blew a huge volume of smoke and lay back serenely.

"Look 'ere, Frenchy," cried Mills, stretching his hand across the table, "I'm in this. They won't catch you here, old son. Savvy? There's my hand for you."

"Eh?"

"There's my hand, I'm tellin' you. Shake hands, old son. You may be a hard case, but you *did* save my life, and it's up to me to see you through. We'll be able to call quits then."

The Frenchman rose with a serious face, and the two shook hands over the candle. The Frenchman held Mills's hand a moment longer.

"I know you," he said. "You do know me. I trust you, Jone. I know yo' a good man."

He sat back again, and Mills turned matters over. In that rough community no man would own himself devoid of gratitude. "I'll do as much for you," was the common acknowledgment of a favor. It appeared to Mills that his new acquaintance might be a precious scoundrel, but that point was not at present in issue, and there remained a debt to be satisfied before he could raise that point. The knowledge that Frenchy had shot a man did not trouble him in the least, so long as the accompanying circumstances and the motive were in accordance with the simple standards of Manicaland. Here came in the doubt, engendered by nothing more concrete or citable than a trifle of mystery in the man's manner, and some undefined quality

that disagreed with the trader. He glanced over to him. The Frenchman was blowing rings of smoke and smiling at them. There was nothing in his face but innocent and boyish amusement.

"Gad, you're a cool hand!" exclaimed Mills. "How d'you reckon we better work it?"

"I do know," replied the other indifferently.

"You don't, eh? Well, d'you think they'll follow you all night?"

"I don't think," said the Frenchman, with confidence and a swelling of the chest—"I don't think they wan' to meet me in the night. Not ver' naice, eh? Leetle dangerous."

"H'm. You've got a bit of an opinion of yerself, anyhow. If that's all right, it'll be time enough to clear by daylight. Did you bolt just as you are—no niggers, no *skoff*, no anything?"

"No time," was the answer. "So I coom out without everything. Just like this."

"I can get you a couple of niggers," mused Mills, "an' you'll want a gun. Then, with *skoff* for a fortnight, you ought to be up at the Mazoe before they find your spoor. What do you think?"

"I think it's ver' naice," smiled the other.

"Then we'll *hamba lala*" (go to sleep), said Mills rising. "I don't know how you feel, but I'm just done up."

A bed was soon fixed for the Frenchman, who retired with a light-hearted "goo' night." Mills, keeping full in view his guest's awkward position, and the necessity of packing him off at daylight, determined not to sleep. He went out of the kraal and listened to the night. It spoke with a thousand voices; the great factory of days and nights was in full swing; but he caught no sound of human approach, and returned to the huts to prepare his guest's kit for the departure. He found and par-

tially cleaned an old rifle, and unpacked a generous donation of cartridges. Meal for the carriers, blankets and tinned meats for the Frenchman, were all at hand. Candles, a lantern, matches, gin, a pannikin, a pair of pots, and so on, soon completed the outfit. Packing is generally an interesting operation, and Mills was an expert in it. He forgot most of his perplexity and ill-ease as he adjusted the bundles and measured the commodities. He had the whole of the gear spread out on the floor of the *skoff kia* when a voice accosted him.

"You needn't bother no more, Jack," it said softly.

A man tiptoed in. He was short and lightly built, and carried a sporting rifle in his hand. His reddish moustache was draggled with dew and his clothes were soaked in it. He looked at Mills with gleeful blue eyes.

"Where's Frenchy?" he asked softly.

Mills labored to express surprise. "What're you talkin' about?" he demanded loudly.

"Don't shout, blast yer!" whispered the other vehemently. "We saw yer go up 'ere together, Jack, and nobody ain't gone away since. There's five of us, Jack, and we want that swine—we want 'im bad."

"What for?" asked Mills desperately, without lowering his voice.

The other made an impatient gesture for silence, but his words were arrested by a clamor in the yard. There were shouts and curses and the sound of blows.

"We've got 'im, Charley," shouted some one triumphantly.

The smaller man rushed out, and Mills followed swiftly. There was a blackness of moving forms in the open, and some one struck a match. The man called Charley stepped forward. Mills saw the face and hand of a man standing upright, brilliantly illuminated by the flame of the match; and on the

ground three men, who knelt on and about a prostrate figure. One was busy with some cords. In the background stood Mills's Kafirs. The match burned down to the holder's fingers, and he dropped it.

"Well, Dave," said Mills, "what's the meanin' o' this game o' yours—comin' to a man's *kia* in the middle o' the night and ropin' his mate out o' bed?"

The man who had lit the match laughed. "That you, Jack?" he said. "Well, you wouldn't be so ready to call this bloke 'mate' if you knew what he'd been up to."

"The—swine!" commented Charley.

"Get a lantern," commanded Mills to the Kafirs. "What d'you mean?" he asked of the tall man.

"He shot a woman!" said Dave. The tone was eloquent of the speaker's rage and disgust.

Mills stared open-mouthed. "A woman!" he gasped.

"A woman," replied Dave. "Shot her, as bold as the devil, on the street, in the daytime, and did a bolt for the bush. Every man that could put foot to the ground is out after him."

A Kafir arrived then with the lantern Mills had designed for the Frenchman, and by its light he was able to see the faces of the men. They were all known to him. The man who was cording the prisoner's arms had seen his daring work at Mandega's. He knelt on the prostrate form as he worked, and the Frenchman's face showed like a waxen mask on the ground. Blood was running from a deep cut on his cheek.

"I save yo' life, Jone," he gasped.

"Shut up!" snapped one of the men, and struck him on the mouth.

"Here," protested Mills; "go slow, can't you! There's no call to bang him about."

They stared at him with astonishment. "Why, man," exclaimed Char-

ley, "didn't we tell you he shot a woman?"

"What's that he said about savin' your life?" demanded Dave.

"He did," explained Mills. He told them the story, and they listened without sympathy.

"It was a bloomin' plucky thing to do," concluded the trader. "I'd ha' bin dead by now but for him, and I owe 'im one for it."

"Oh, nobody's sayin' he isn't plucky," said the man who had been tying the Frenchman's arms, as he rose to his feet. "He's the dare-devillist swine alive, but he's done with it now."

Dave came round and clapped Mills on the shoulder.

"It's worked you a bit soft, old man," he said. "Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have us let him go after shooting a woman, would you?"

"Oh! stow it," broke in one of the others. "If it wasn't that 'e's got to go back to Macequece to be shot, I'd blow his head off now."

"I'm not asking you to let him go," cried Mills. "But give the bloke a chance, give 'im a run for it. Why, I wouldn't kill a dog so; it's awful,—an'—an'—he saved my life, chaps, he saved my life."

"But he shot a woman," said Charley.

That closed the case,—the man had committed the ultimate crime. Nothing could avail him now. He shot a woman—he must suffer.

"Jone," moaned the Frenchman—the cords were eating into his flesh—"Jone, I saved yo' life."

"Why couldn't you tell me?" cried Mills passionately; "why couldn't you trust me? I could ha' got you away."

"That'll do," interrupted Dave, thrusting Mills aside. "We'll trouble you for a drink and a bite, old boy, an' then we'll start back."

Mills led the way to the *skoff kia* in silence. There was food and drink still on the table, and the men sat down

to it at once. The Frenchman lay in the middle of the kraal, bound; his captors' weapons lay at their feet. He was as effectually a prisoner as if their five barrels were covering him. Mills stood moodily watching the men eat, his brain drumming on the anguished problem of the Frenchman's life or death without effort or volition on his part.

"Got any more *poosa*, old boy?" asked Dave, setting down the whisky-bottle empty.

"Yes," said Mills thoughtfully. "Plenty." He shouted for a boy, and one came running.

"Go to the store-hut," ordered Mills slowly, "and bring a bottle of whisky." He spoke the "kitchen-Kafir," that every one in Maniceland understands.

"Yes, baas," said the native.

"But first," said Mills, still speaking slowly and quietly, "take a knife and cut loose the man on the ground. *Quick!*" The last word was a shout.

Dave sprang to his feet and stood motionless. The others were arrested in the action of rising or reaching their weapons. From the wall beside him Mills had reached a revolver and held them covered. The barrel moved over them, presenting its black threatening mouth to one after the other. It moved in jerks, but not without purpose. It held them all subject, and the first movement doomed.

"Jack!" cried Dave.

"Shut up!" commanded Mills. "Don't move now. For God's sake don't move. I'll shoot the first one that does."

"He shot a woman," they protested.

"He saved my life," said Mills. "Are you all right Frenchy?"

"Yais," came the answer, and with it the ghost of a laugh.

Mills did not look round, and the steady remorseless barrel still sailed to and fro across the faces of the men in the hut.

"Clear out, then," he shouted. "I'll

only give you five minutes. You shot a woman. And, Frenchy——"

"Yais, Jone."

"This makes us quits, see?"

"Ver' good, Jone. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Frenchy."

Dave ripped out a curse and shifted slightly. The barrel sprang round to him, and he froze into stillness.

"Don't do that again, Davy," warned Mills.

"You'll catch it hot for this," snarled one of them.

"Very like," replied the trader.

He counted a liberal five minutes by guess. He dared not look away from his men. At last he spoke.

"It was up to me, boys," he said with a sigh. "I couldn't do no less. If it 'ad been a man 'e shot I'd ha' kept you here all day. But I've done enough, I reckon, seein' it was a woman."

He dropped the revolver to the ground.

"Now!" he said.

They sat round and stared at him. For full a minute no one spoke. Mills gave them back their eyes gloomily, leaning with folded arms against the wall. Then Dave drew a long breath, a very sigh.

"Well, Jack," he said, shaking his head, "I didn't think it of you,—I didn't, indeed. A skunk like that! a woman-shooter, and a Frenchman!! You didn't used to be like this."

"We're quits now, him and me," answered Mills. "He saved my life, and I'm satisfied. So if you've got anything to say—or do—then get it over."

Charley burst out at this in a fuss of anger. "You ought to be shot," he shouted. "That's all you're fit for."

"Charley's right," growled one of the others.

"Oh, cut it off," cried Dave impatiently; "we're not going to shoot Jack. But I guess we won't say we've lost the Frenchman yet."

He lowered his brows and turned his eyes on Mills.

"You an' him's quits, Jack," he said.

"What do you think about it?"

Mills looked up slowly, like a man newly awakened from a dream.

"You might get a shot at him from the path," he answered musingly. "That is, if he's keeping north. I'll show you the place."

"You don't think we'd have a chance of catching him?"

"Not a ghost," replied the trader decisively. "Once you get into the kloof, he's lost. All you can do is to wait till he breaks cover down below, an' try a long shot. By God!" he cried with sudden energy, "I'll try a lick at him myself. We're quits now, the—the woman-shooter!"

He snatched a rifle and led the way, the others tumbling after him. Some hundred yards beyond the kraal the footpath dipped abruptly towards the valley, and at an angle of it there was to be gained a clear view of the bush beneath, where it surged at the foot of the hill and ran down the kloof; at the lower part of the kloof it ceased, and the ground was bare red earth for a space of some thousand yards. Mills sat down on a stone. Dave squatted beside him, and the others grouped themselves on adjacent boulders.

The sun was well into the sky by now—it was about six o'clock in the morning. The air was of diamond, and the chill of the night had already passed. The men glued their eyes on the bare patch and waited.

"Funny game you played up there," whispered Dave to the trader.

Mills nodded without speaking.

"I'm not blaming you," continued the other. "I reckon I understand, old boy. But are you going to shoot at him?"

"I am that," was the reply.

"Well, I hope you get him," said Dave. "The chaps'll forget the other

business then. They didn't like it, you know—nobody would."

"It's not because I care for them or what they think," began Mills.

"I know it's not," interrupted Dave. "You know all the ranges, I suppose?"

"Nine hundred yards to that black spot," said Mills. "The spot's a bit of a hole in the ground. Twelve hundred to the big boulder."

He rose off the stone he was sitting on and lay down on the path, belly-under, and ran up the back-sight of his weapon with care. Flinging back the bolt, he blew into the chamber and thrust a cartridge in; tested the air with a wet finger, and wriggled the butt home into his shoulder. Dave watched him in silence; Mills was, he knew, a good shot, and he was now preparing, with all the little tricks and graces of the rifle-range, to pull trigger on the man he had risked—nay, almost thrown away—his life to save from the consequences of an unspeakable crime.

"Ah!" breathed Mills, with an artist's luxurious satisfaction.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Down the valley a figure had broken from the bush, and was plainly to be seen against the red ground. The men on the hill flopped down and prepared to shoot.

"Don't fire," Dave warned the others. He was watching Mills. The trader's face bore no signs of his recent mental struggle. It carried no expression whatever save one of cool interest, just touched with a craftsman's confidence. His barrel was steady as his head. The little figure below was moving over the rough ground towards the black spot. They could see its legs working grotesquely, like a mechanical toy.

"So," murmured Mills. "Now just a little farther. So!"

He fired.

There was no leap into the air, no tragic bound and sprawling tumble. The little figure in the valley fell where it was, and never moved.

Mills jerked open his breech.

"I'll bet that took him in the spine," he said.

Perceval Gibbon.

IN PRAISE OF THE SPADE.

When our hostess has presented me with charming vagueness as a digger in the Levant, and we are between fish and fowl, you are sure to ask, dear lady, for what do I dig, and, with a glance at my hands, if it be not a tedious labor in that climate. And no sooner is it avowed that I dig vicariously, and (with some shame) that I could not do the spade-work myself for half a day, you pass to a question which embarrasses me not a little, why so do I spend my time? I might frame you platitudes on the absolute value of all knowledge, or that relative importance which a knowledge of antiquity has in

the understanding of modern life; but I suspect, if ever you give a thought to ancient history at all, that it seems to you, as to an old sceptic of your sex whom I knew once, by-gones that had best be by-gone. Nor may I reply, with garbled irreverence, that I dig because I am ashamed to beg; for apart from this, that I am not in fact ashamed to beg (or little enough digging had I done), it must not be implied that I dig to live,—*suggestio falsi*! Neither lucre, alas, nor much meed of fame is to be earned by such a spade in a society which bears hardly with archæology as an academic pastime for mild men, mis-

trusting it the while not a little for an officious Inquisitor of family traditions. Therefore I usually take refuge in a change of subject, to your manifest relief, and indeed to my own; for in that company, and beneath those lights, I might convince myself as little as you. And, indeed, it is not till I find myself in the desert, and under the stars which crowned the Egyptian Goddess of Night, that I feel equal to justifying the digging trade.

Have you ever felt the lust of loot, the fierce joy of treasure trove, and reaping that you did not sow? It is akin to the joy of all sportsmen, of the waiter on chance, or even of a skilful gambler, who may play with Fortune while she plays with him. Loot has supplied on occasion the dominant passion to all sorts and conditions of men in all ages, from the warfare in the dawn of time to that concerted triumph of civilization which we lately witnessed in China. The desire of it has covered the sea with pirates, and the land with filibusters. There are certain periods of history during which it supplies the one sufficient key to recorded human action,—those recurring epochs of mercenary militarism, when all the best blood of the best nations in the world was poured out under alien banners; when men made a trade of fighting as naturally as they till or huckster now; when not honor or discipline, any more than patriotism, outweighed the instinct to preserve what had been gained by bow and spear. So it was in the Hellenistic age after the death of the great Alexander, when the manhood of Macedonia and Greece roamed the world year in and year out, cumbered with a growing booty, and depositing it under the shadow of every king in turn. So too it was in that mediæval epoch of the Grand Companies, and of our early wars with France. Hope of loot is stronger than even a certainty of hardship and death.

It fed the Roman legions in the West with Gauls and Germans, long after Italy had ceased to man them; and in the Eastern Empire it supplied the vital element to a long series of mercenary corps from the Varangian Guard to the Mamelukes of our grandfathers' day and the Mamidieh Horse of our own. Place civilized men for however short a time without the scope of their own social code,—and how many will keep within the Decalogue? If few unchain the animal in them to rape or slaughter, yet fewer will hold their hands from a general loot.

I find not a little of this natural joy of thieving in the pleasurable excitement of a digger's life. Whatever his scientific purpose, and however certain it be that what he may find shall not be converted to his own pecuniary gain, I suspect his actual emotion, at the moment when a breach is made in a virgin and furnished sepulchre of old time, is not to be distinguished from that with which French and British soldiers once entered the Summer Palace of the Manchu Emperors. It is a joy without prevision of any sequel, a joy of instantly possessing oneself of a treasure ready made, the first joy of the finder of a nugget, the joy of loot.

Not too noble a joy, you will say, dear lady. I grant it you; but on an Egyptian mound I am not concerning myself with the nobility or even the morality of a digger's joys. At best they are all somewhat egotistic. But simply as joys, right or wrong, I would expatiate on them without prejudice. Some of them may not easily be conceived to pertain to archaeology. Not that I suppose one of your sex to want understanding of the gambler's joy; nor again of the second joy (which indeed includes the first) the joy of acquisition and possession. But you may wonder how these joys should ever come to one who grubs vicariously in damp mould for broken things that are often enough

of no beauty or intrinsic value; and the more since the digger is seldom licensed to impound anything he finds, but must hand it over to some impersonal administration, in which he has no part or lot.

Know, however, that the digger, like every discoverer, does realize himself sufficiently in whatsoever things he finds, to have a great and keen joy of them. First in that they are his, being trophies of his own bow and spear, found by means fashioned by himself to that end, by men trained to a difficult labor under his eye, found perhaps as a result of his happy reasoning or surmise, or at any rate as the result of a chain of circumstances, in whose forging he has been chief smith. And this further—there is in a sense an actual proprietorship of the scientific substance, if not the material value, claimed by the discoverer and accredited to him by the courtesy of nations. As he has had first sight and knowledge of his finds, so it is always conceded that he shall be first to acquaint others with their nature, usually enjoying for a term of years the exclusive right to their study. And in the event of anything of novelty or great excellence among them being taken by science for a type, this will be associated more or less with his name, if not so indissolubly and grotesquely as might a new variety of herb or beast by the coupling of his genitive in barbaric Latin. In fine there is sufficient identification of a digger with any object that his laborers reveal, for the gambler's anticipation of possession and the complacency of secure acquisition to arise within him and endure reflection. And perhaps after all he is seldom conscious of any very definite lust of possession, but only desires success, to escape miscarriage of his prophecies and plans, and to hold his head high among his rivals.

This joy of self-realization some, that

I have known, have had far more right than others to feel; but I have never observed the corresponding measure in any digger's joy, certainly not in my own, for I derive as keen a pleasure from my most facile fortune as the most laborious of trackers. And so do all who follow the molish trade. You might suppose a digger would plume himself in inverse ratio to the bulk of what he finds, and take most pride in the tiny and delicate things which a touch of the pick-head annihilates and no eye but the most vigilant and best instructed may spy in the dust or slime, —scraps of evanescent papyrus, for example, or friable clay-sealings, of less than a nail's breadth. And so diggers speak and write of themselves. But, believe me, at the moment of discovery the swelling and strutting is all for the huge immovable things, those landlord's fixtures of antiquity, which an elephant could not crush, nor a blind man fall to find,—the altars, the thrones, the colossal statues. And a world, which has little time or mind for small print, or small pictures, or any sort of minuteness, encourages us by basing what approval it can spare on these gross things.

Clear out some great temple in Herculean fashion, shoot all the records of its history, that have fallen from the walls and become embedded in the slow rising silt, to the river or the rubbish mound,—all, at least, that your diggers, better instructed, have not privily rescued and sold to the first comer—and you will have praise from more than the guide-books, and be held blameless, even if the new-bared pillars totter and fall, or the new stripped walls be defiled and defaced. But turn over the silt, sifting it laboriously to note the position of the smallest jetsam of antiquity it contains, and probing it even to the secrets of the foundation stones, and thereafter leave it to protect and support what it has established

for centuries,—and where will be your honor?

And now for the most subtle and exquisite of a digger's joys, one, however, which varies infinitely in quality with the circumstances under which discovery is made, and the sensitiveness of the discoverer. Few persons, diggers or not, appear altogether insensible to the mystery of antiquity. It seems to touch a chord in the nature of all women, but the chord vibrates most in the nature of some men. At its dullest the sensation is not greatly different from any idle curiosity of the brain; but in imaginative temperaments it can stimulate a yearning hunger of the soul, unlike any other. I could conceive that with a feeling of a like kind, seeing the spirit of a dead man, one would crave a word from the silent lips. For fragments of antiquity suggest the veil which is drawn over dead life, and awake an insatiate desire to lift its hem and see ages that were, and the life of men now dust,—life one with ours, but most unlike it, led by beings who were our fathers, but are strange to us as men from another star. Sometimes in the opening of a forgotten desk or a long closed room, one seems in everyday life to catch a momentary glimpse behind this veil; but the digger has the better chance. If he never break into a hidden chamber and see a crowned and sceptred king crumbling to dust at the breath of the upper air,—so all good Alexandrians believe that Arab masons, working in the basement of the mosque of the Prophet Daniel, once saw the great Macedonian—he will let the first light into many a tomb and be first to take up the lamp that the last mourner laid at the feet of the dead. In a sealed sepulchre of hard rock one may even find the bearers' footprints in the dust of the floor.

Once, and once only, have I felt this sensation to the full; and not for a min-

ute only, to be presently dispelled by the light and the movement of day, but for days together. It was in the lower hall of the cave on Mount Dicte, in fretted stalactite aisles whose dim niches still held undisturbed the votive offerings placed in them by reverent Cretan suppliants, dead and gone three thousand years. But you have heard that tale, and I need but add now that it was the one experience in real life which has given me as keen a thrill as any fantasy in romance,—any fantasy of a surviving society or a sealed sanctuary of a bygone age, discovered beyond mountain, forest, desert, or sea, by some strayed tracker. The demand for such tales is nearly as old as man. Legends of ancient kings, not dead but entranced in secret chambers, seen suddenly by an intruder to his own undoing; legends of mountains in mediæval Christendom, that opened and closed on pagan orgies, and the yet living gods of the heathen Greeks; legends of lost Atlantis, of the Wandering Jew, of Rip Van Winkle,—all these owe their ever-green fascination to the sense of mystery of antiquity. This gives awe and emotional efficacy to saintly relics; it keeps folk-lore stocked with buried fanes, paved in silver and roofed in gold, where priests still offer the burnt sacrifice or the mass, and with drowned abbeys, whose bells chime through the waves on vigils and festivals. And, though you know it not, it inspires you, dear lady, when I show a relic of antiquity, to ask me at once how old it may be, and to pitch your interest high or low according as I allow it a millennium more or less.

Perhaps it is not over good for weaker brains, this mystery of antiquity, this glimpse into the world of Anamnesis. It seems to fill all such with some vague assurance that the veil that hangs beyond the grave, as well as that which hangs before the tomb, may be lifted altogether. You must have met,

—for who has not?—one of those readers of futurity by the half comprehended lore of the past, fatuous groppers in prophecy, Anglo-Israelites, Pyramid-Maniacs, men crazed by symbols and numbers. One such I recall now, who has gone where he may learn the secrets that he never wrung from the pyramids. He once made a journey of near a hundred miles in Egypt, good part of it on foot, unattended, with too much tumult in his poor brain to let him catch a word of the vernacular or even the value of the current coinage, of which his donkey-boys and native entertainers robbed him at every turn. And all to ask me and others how many steps we counted on a certain pyramid. He had tramped the last six miles out into the desert at high semi-tropic noon, most fearfully clad in silk hat, voluminous woollen scarf and frock coat, to whose tail-buttons was slung a telescope; but he would neither eat nor drink till he had asked that momentous question about the steps. And when we owned that we had never counted them at all, and indeed were not over sure which was the pyramid in question, we had all the ado in the world to induce him to break bread in our company. And the only atonement we could make was covertly to send packing the rascal boy who had guided and fleeced him, and to put the poor old gentleman, whether he wished it or no, in charge of a trusty Bedouin of our own, who saw him safe again to the rail-head.

Into the joy of mystery I have little doubt, dear lady, you can enter to the full. But even should you belong to the practical and matter-of-fact minority of your sex, you may still sympathize with it as a joy of discovering relics of your own racial childhood. You cannot but have some sense of collective egotism, the same in kind as that passion which impels some men to spend their lifetime in elucidating their

proper genealogy, and all to inquire curiously about the initial phase of their own lives for which their memory is blank. Who has not cross-examined his mother on her memories of his babyhood and childhood? Who has not lingered over the yellow letters he first penned and first received? Collective egotism is only less universal and cogent than individual, because the self is more diffused. An interest less intimate will be felt in the records of one's family than of oneself, in those of the city than of the family, in those of the nation than of the city, in those of the world than of the nation. But some collective egotism we all have, you, I, and the rest.

Such are what I may call proper Joys of the Spade. But, for all their intensity they are not those which go for most in the choice of a digger's life, for they depend on his success and the measure of it in a lottery whence far more blanks than winning tickets are to be drawn. But there is yet another pleasure, less essential to the trade, but a far surer outcome of it.

The digger on classic soil is in a position of peculiar advantage, not easily to be shared by those who follow other callings. In the search for ground, whereon to ply his spade, he must go up and down the land and to its inmost recesses, wherein since husbandmen, shepherds, and woodcutters are his only guides to success, he will come into contact with the most simple and primitive folk, and be forced to learn enough of their speech and habit of thought to maintain direct communication with them. Moreover he is an employer of labor, not working for his pecuniary gain, but hiring the peasants to the lightest and most interesting work known in their lives; and albeit he may have command of official funds and usually of official help, he is not himself of the Government, or one before whom the mask must be always worn.

Lastly his general education and his special training make him sensitive and observant, beyond perhaps other men who come to equally close quarters with the poorer folk.

His, then, will be the animal joy of reversion to racial childhood, being nothing less than the satisfaction of that instinct of treachery to civilization which possesses all healthy children and takes their fathers to a tent on Thames bank, or to a yawl on the East Anglian Broads, or to an Alpine shelter, and yourself, dear lady, to whom no better amateur savagery is permitted, to the precarious pleasures of a picnic. For which unreasonable desire, strongest in the Anglo-Saxon kindred, let me say in passing that I have often tried to find reason. If it be more than some obscure instinct of heredity, perhaps it is a purely egotistic passion, a phase of the universal lust for realizing the self. That combination and division of labor, which are found in civilization, are more satisfactory to the community than to the individual, who in the ruder life alone finds exercise for certain of his natural powers. To kill his food and himself prepare it; to rise and lie down with the sun; to be self-sufficient, dispensing with the service of another's hands; to have neither roof, nor couch, nor abundant clothing,—to find that he can live thus and live well, subtly elates the natural man, giving him pride of himself and assurance that he will stand foursquare to every wind of chance. The less our

clothing of civilization the higher our spirits, and we should probably stand happiest before heaven as Adam stood ere he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And the natural man rejoices too, to be relieved from the pressure of a complex social code and the infinite trifles of observance which go for so much in the duty to one's neighbor in that higher life of yours. No sooner, therefore, has he left his own soil, than he always sloughs as much of its convention as he dare, and indulges in many a petty barbarism among hospitable foreign folk.

But there is still a greater joy; for a digger is so placed that he watches at his ease strange human societies, unveiled and unashamed, in the setting of mountain and stream which has made them what they are, and among the visible records of their predecessors and their parents in the land. I do not mean that the digger usually does, or indeed can, live with these societies as they live. His trade is too remote from their intelligence, the energy he must use too foreign to their nature. But he can live beside them and breathe their simple natural atmosphere, and therein find full compensation for a life which otherwise might not come quite kindly to a young Briton, sound in wind and limb. For, be his training and theory what they may, the racial instinct for physical emulation will out in the Anglo-Saxon, who in his heart probably seldom sets most store by the fame of a scholar.

"THE MEANEST OF GREEK TRAGEDIES."

I do not wish to argue about the *Electra* of Euripides, or even to deny that it is what Schlegel calls it, "a singular monument of poetical, or rather unpoetical, perversity"; "the very worst of all his pieces." It would be easy to demolish Schlegel's seven formal grounds of condemnation; to show that he judged the play by the very standards which it was written to protest against; and that, with all the fresh geniality and boldness which make him so superior to his more timid followers, he was, in dealing with Euripides, not only irritable, but definitely inaccurate. But, for one thing, such arguments about works of art are apt to be of all barren things the most barren; and, for another, it is quite probable that, in some ultimate and abstract sense, Schlegel's main judgment is right; and that Euripides' rebellion against the convention in which, nevertheless, he continued to work, however noble in its origin, however interesting in its execution and splendid in its aim, resulted ultimately in a profound artistic fault. I will merely try, without controversy, to give a rather closer and fairer account of this very remarkable play, translating a few passages, and adding explanatory stage directions.

The legend or history on which the *Electra* turns—for we must remember that to a fifth century Greek such legend was history, history as undisputed in its broad outline as Gunpowder Plot or the execution of Mary Stuart—narrates how the son and daughter of the murdered Agamemnon slew in revenge, and by a god's command, their guilty mother and her paramour. It is an awful, if not actually a horrible, story. And it is over this element of horror that the differences between Euripides and the Tragic Convention chiefly arise.

Homer tells this legend as he tells so many; simply and grandly, without moral questioning and without intensity. The general atmosphere is ideal and heroic; the more painful elements, such as the Mother-murder itself, are left determinedly in the shade. Sophocles' treatment, allowing for the inherent differences between Epos and Drama, is essentially the same. His tragedy is enthusiastically praised by Schlegel for "the celestial purity, the fresh breath of life and youth, that is diffused over so dreadful a subject." "Everything dark and ominous is avoided. Orestes enjoys the fullness of health and strength. He is beset neither with doubts nor stings of conscience." Especially admirable is the "austerity" with which Aegisthus is taken away to be tortured before he dies!

This combination of matricide and good spirits meets with equally warm approval from other Sophoclean critics. Sir Richard Jebb is almost alone in feeling that it needs some explanation or defence. His suggestion, that Sophocles is deliberately seeking a "Homeric" and primitive atmosphere, seems to me quite convincing; and I would combine with it the opinion of Willamowitz, that Sophocles wrote after Euripides, and in reaction against him. Euripides in his *Electra* had rebelled against the Heroic Convention; so Sophocles, in his, insisted upon it to the extreme point possible. He was not only more classical than Euripides; he was more "primitive" than Aeschylus.

For Aeschylus, though steeped in the glory of the world of legend, would not lightly accept its judgment upon religious and moral questions, and, above all, would not play at make-believe. He would not try to elude the horror of this story by simply not men-

tioning it, like Homer, or by pretending that an evil act was a good one, like Sophocles. He faces the horror; realizes it; and tries to surmount it on the sweep of a great wave of religious emotion. The Mother-murder, even if done by a god's command, is a sin; a sin to be expiated by unfathomable suffering. Yet, since the god cannot have commanded evil, it is a duty also. It is a sin that it was right to commit!

Euripides, here as often, represents intellectually the thought of Aeschylus carried one step further. He faced the problem just as Aeschylus did; but the solution offered by Aeschylus did not satisfy him; it cannot, in its actual detail, satisfy any one. To him the Mother-murder is a sin and a horror; therefore it was *not* right to commit, and the god who enjoined it *did* command evil. This conception involves at once a lowering of the whole dramatic tone. It gives us the flatness of a merely bad action, instead of the intense interest of an action which seems bad but is really good. Its only merit, in fact, is, that it is true.

The same search for truth, or at least for something not obviously clashing with truth, has influenced him in the mechanical details of the story. It is not an easy thing to assassinate a suspicious and well-guarded King and Queen: yet Orestes did it. Euripides considers carefully how it can have been done, and invents, or selects among the legends, a way which is at least fairly probable. Aeschylus, wrapped up in the greater issues of his theme, troubled little about these points. For all he cared his murderers might—and, indeed, do—simply knock at the front door.

But another problem interested Euripides far more keenly. What kind of people can they have been, the woman especially, who would thus murder their mother—not in sudden fury, but deliberately, after many years? A

"sympathetic" hero and heroine are out of the question. A pair of stage villains would do, of course. But Euripides does not deal in stage villains. He seeks real people. And few attentive readers of this play can doubt that he has found them.

The son is in exile, bred in the desperate hopes and wild schemes of exile; beset also by the old savage doctrine, which an oracle has confirmed, of the duty and manliness of Revenge. Lastly, he is very young, and is swept away by his sister's intenser nature. That sister is the central figure of the tragedy. A woman shattered in childhood by the shock of a terrible experience; a haunted woman, eating her heart in ceaseless broodings of hate and of love, alike unsatisfied—hate against her mother and stepfather, love for her dead father and her brother in exile; a woman who has known luxury and state, and cares much for them; who is intolerant of poverty; and who feels her youth passing away. And, meantime, there is her name, on which all legend insists; she is "*A-lektra*," "*The Unmated*."

This last point is in the essence of the legend. A son of Electra, under normal circumstances, would inherit the blood-feud against her father's murderers. In the other tragedians, Electra is simply kept at home unmarried. But in Euripides a bolder precaution has been taken. Unmarried, Electra might still escape, and find a husband in some ambitious young Argive noble. To avert this, Aegisthus has deliberately married her to a man of low rank—a "self-worker," as he is called; a yeoman so poor that he keeps no slave, but works with his own hands in the fields. With this arrangement, no Argive suitor need be feared. Electra's possible children, though always dangerous, will be mere peasants, easy to control or to crush; and her own spirit will very likely be broken by

shame and penury. How, then, is she "A-lektra"? Because the Yeoman, in generosity and pity for the girl, exercises no husband's rights, but makes himself only her protector and comforter. He is the one sympathetic character in the play. Euripides had a soft heart for "self-workers," who lived far from any town!

This situation is explained in the prologue by the Yeoman himself, as he comes out of his cottage to set to work before sunrise. As he finishes, Electra appears, bearing a great water-jar. She is wasted and pale, and arrayed as one mourning for the dead. She does not see the Yeoman.

Electra:

Dark shepherdess of many a golden star,
Dost see me, Mother Night? And how this jar
Hath worn my earthbowed head, as forth and fro
For water to the hillward springs I go:
Not for mere stress of need, but purpose set,
That never day nor night God may forget
Aegisthus' sin; aye, and perchance a cry,
Cast forth to the waste shining of the sky,
May find my father's ear. The woman bred
Of Tyndareus, my mother—may her head
Be blasted!—from my house hath out-cast me;
She hath borne children to mine enemy;
She hath made me naught, she hath made Orestes naught . . .

(As the bitterness of her tone increases, the Yeoman comes forward.)

Yeoman:

What wouldst thou now, my Sad One, ever fraught
With toil to lighten my toil? And so soft
Thy nurture was! Have I not chid thee oft,
And thou wilt cease not, serving without end?

Electra: (Turning to him with impulsive affection.)

O friend, my friend, as God might be my friend,

Thou only hast not trampled on my tears!

Life scarce can be so hard, 'mid many fears

And many shames, when mortal heart can find

Somewhere one healing touch, as my sick mind

Finds thee . . . And should I wait thy word, to endure

A little for thine easing, yea, or pour My strength out in thy toiling fellowship?

Thou hast enough with fields and kine to keep.

'Tis mine to make all bright within the door.

'Tis joy to him that toils, when toll is o'er,

To find home waiting, full of happy things.

Yeoman:

If so it please thee, go thy way. The springs

Are not far off. And I, before the morn, Must drive my team afield, and sow the corn

In the hollows.—Not a thousand prayers can gain

A man's bare bread, save an he work amain.

The Yeoman and Electra depart on their several ways. There enter stealthily two armed men. Orestes, with his faithful friend Pylades, has come in the hope of avenging his father, and has in passing performed the dangerous plety of laying a lock of hair upon his tomb. But everything depends upon the mood and the circumstances in which he may find his sister. He has heard that she is married and lives near the border. At this moment he sees "a slave woman in mourning garments" approaching with a pitcher on her head. The two crouch down in ambush.

It is Electra returning from the well, and, as her manner is, reminding herself of her wrongs and her longings.

Electra:

Onward, O laboring tread;
As on move the years;
Onward amid thy tears,
O happier dead!

Let me remember. I am she,
Agamemnon's child, and the mother of
me

Clytemnestra, the evil Queen,
Helen's sister. And folk, I ween,
That pass in the streets call yet my
name

Electra . . . God protect my shame!

For toll, toll is a weary thing,
And life is heavy about my head;
And thou far off, O Father and King,
In the lost lands of the dead.
A bloody twain made these things be;
One was thy bitterest enemy,
And one the wife that lay by thee.

Brother, Brother, on some far shore
Hast thou a city? Is there a door
That knows thy footfall, Wandering
One?

Who left us, left us, when all our pain
Was bitter about us, a father slain,
And a sister that wept in her room
alone.

Thou couldst loose this prison of pain,
Only thou, that art far away,
Loose our father, and wake again . . .
Zeus, Zeus, dost hear me pray? . . .
The sleeping blood and the shame and
the doom!

O feet that rest not, over the foam
Of distant seas, come home, come
home!

Amid her lamentations enters the
Chorus, consisting of country maidens
who have come to tell her of a festival
to be held to Hera in Argos, and to ask
her companionship. She bitterly re-
fuses. Who is she, and what raiment
is hers, to go to festivals? Her festival
is to sit amid her tears, recalling the
memories of her father! Suddenly she
sees the armed men rising from am-
bush. They have, of course, learnt
much of what they wanted to know,
and have formed a plan of action.

Electra:

Woe's me! No more of wailing! Wom-
en, fly!

Strange armed men beside the dwelling
there

Lie ambushed! They are rising from
their lair.

Back by the road, all you. I will essay
The house; and may our good feet save
us!

Orestes:

Stay,
Unhappy woman! Never fear my steel.

Electra: (In utter panic.)

O Lord Apollo! Mercy! See, I kneel;
Slay me not.

Orestes:

Others I have yet to slay
Less dear than thou!

Electra: (Misunderstanding him.)

Go from me! Wouldst thou
lay

Hand on a body that is not for thee?

Orestes:

None is there I would touch more
righteously.

Electra: (Still trying to fly.)

Why lurkst thou by my house? And
why a sword?

Orestes:

Stay! Listen! Thou wilt not reject my
word.

Electra: (Giving up all hope.)

There. I am still. Do what thou wilt
with me.

Thou art too strong.

Orestes:

A word I bear to thee . . .
Word of thy brother.

Electra: (Leaping up.)

Oh, friend! More than
friend!

Living or dead?

Orestes:

He lives; so let me send
My comfort foremost, ere the rest be
heard.

Electra:

God love thee for the sweetness of thy
word!

Orestes:

God love the twain of us, both thee
and me.

Electra:

He lives! . . . Poor brother! . . . In
what land weareth he

His exile?

Orestes:

Not one region nor one lot
His wasted life hath trod.

Electra:

He lacketh not

For bread?

Orestes:

Bread hath he; but a man is
weak
In exile.

Electra:

What charge laid he on thee?
speak!

Orestes:

To learn if thou still live, and how the
storm,
Living, hath struck thee.

Electra:

That thou seest; this form
Wasted. . . .

Orestes:

Yea, riven with the fire of
woe,
I sigh to look on thee.

Electra:

My face; and, lo!
Mine ancient tresses of their glory
shorn.

Orestes:

Methinks thy brother haunts thee, be-
ing forlorn;

Aye, and perchance thy father, whom
they slew . . .

Electra:

What should be nearer to me than
those two?

Orestes:

And what to him, thy brother, half so
dear

As thou?

Electra:

His is a distant love, not near
At need.

Orestes:

But why this dwelling place,
this life
Of loneliness?

Electra: (With sudden bitterness.)

Stranger, I am a wife . . .
In wedlock sharp as death!

Orestes:

Accursèd day!
. . . Tis for thy brother's sake I curse
it . . . Say;

Who is thine husband? One of some
high home

In old Mycenæ?

Electra: (With shame.)

Not the man to whom
My father thought to give me.

Orestes:

Speak; that I
May tell thy brother all.

Electra:

Tis there, hard by,
His dwelling, where I live, far from
men's eyes.

Orestes:

Some ditcher's cot, or cowherd's, by its
guise!

Electra: (Feeling her ingratitude.)

A poor man; but true-hearted, and to
me
God-fearing.

Orestes:

How? What fear of God
hath he?

Electra:

He hath never touched my body to his
own.

Orestes:

Hath he some vow to keep? Or is it
done

To scorn thee?

Electra:

Nay; he only scorns to sin
Against my father's greatness.

Orestes:

But to win
A princess! Doth his heart not leap
for pride?

Electra:

He honoreth not the hand that gave
the bride.

Orestes:

I see. He trembles for Orestes' wrath!

Electra:

Aye, that he feareth. But beside, he
hath

A gentle heart.

Orestes:

Strange! 'Tis an honest man
And well shall be entreated.

The conversation continues. Orestes' blunt perceptions have at last grasped the possibility of his sister's husband being disinterested. But he has also noticed her first cowardice. And, besides, they are not alone.

Orestes:

These women fear us. Are they friends
to thee?

Electra:

Aye, friends and true. They will keep
faithfully

All words of mine or thine.

Orestes: (Trying her.)

Thou art well

stayed

With friends: and what more could

Orestes aid

If e'er he came . . .

Electra:

Shame on thee! Seest

thou not?

Is it not time?

Orestes: (Catching her excitement.)

How time? And if he

sought

To slay, how should he come at his

desire?

Electra:

By daring, as they dared who slew his

sire!

Orestes:

Wouldst thou dare with him, if he

came, thou too,

To slay her?

Electra:

Yes; with the same axe that

slew

My father!

Orestes:

'Tis thy message? And thy

mood

Constant?

Electra:

Let me but spill my mother's

blood,

And I die happy!

He begs her to tell him more; to unbosom herself freely. She at first shrinks from doing so, but afterwards consents.

Electra:

If I must speak—and at love's call, God knows,

I fear not—I will tell thee all; my woes, My father's woes, and—Oh, since thou hast stirred

This storm of speech, then bear him this my word—

His woes and shame! Tell of this narrow cloak

I' the wind; this grime and reek of toll, that choke

My breathing; this low roof that bows my head

After a King's! This raiment . . . thread by thread,

'Tis I must weave it, or go bare! must bring

Myself each jar of water from the spring.

No holy day for me, no festival,

No dance upon the green! From all, from all,

I am cut off. No portion hath my life

'Mid wives of Argos, being no true wife:

No portion where the maidens throng to praise

Castor, my Castor, whom in ancient days,

Ere he passed from us and men worshipped him,

They named my bridegroom!—And she, she! . . . The grim

Troy spoils gleam round her throne, and by each hand

Queens of the East, my father's prisoners, stand,

A cloud of Orient webs and tangling gold.

And there upon the floor, the blood, the old

Black blood, yet crawls and cankers, like a rot

I' the stone! And on our father's chariot

The murderer's foot stands glorying, and the red

False hand uplifts that ancient staff, that led

The armies of the world! . . . Aye, tell him how

The grave of Agamemnon, even now, Lacketh the common honor of the dead;

A desert barrow, where no tears are shed,

No tresses hung, no gift, no myrtle spray.

And, when the wine is in him, so men say,

Our mother's mighty master leaps thereon,

Spurning the slab, or pelteth stone on stone,

Flouting the lone dead and the twain that live:

"Where is thy son Orestes? Doth he give

Thy tomb good tendance? Or is all forgot?"

So is he mocked because he cometh not!

O Stranger, on my knees, I charge thee, tell

This tale—not mine, but of dumb wrongs that swell

Crowding, and I the trumpet of their pain,
 This tongue, these arms, this bitter
 burning brain;
 These dead shorn locks, and He for
 whom they died!
 His father slew Troy's thousands in
 their pride:
 He hath but one to kill . . . Oh God,
 but one!
 Is he a man, and Agamemnon's son?

The passion of this appeal might have broken through Orestes' caution, and made him reveal himself even in the presence of the Chorus; but at this moment his sister's husband is seen approaching. The Yeoman, finding that the strangers are friends of Orestes, offers them hospitality, and they go into the house. Electra's morbid pride is instantly touched. They will despise her poverty! He might have thought of that! He must now go and borrow something to make her table less meagre. There is her father's old Attendant who will help them, living not far off, in the same solitude as themselves. The Yeoman, with an answer in the same tone that has before made him the "healer" of Electra's "sick mind," takes his departure; and with him goes every trace of ordinary wisdom and goodheartedness out of the drama.

After the next Choric interlude, the old Attendant arrives, bringing a skin of choice wine, a kid, a cheese, and some garlands. But he is in a strange state of excitement. He has passed by Agamemnon's grave and found a tress of hair upon it! Who can have dared to leave that tress? Who but one man? Orestes? It is impossible; too good to be true. Still, his mind is full of wild surmises. So is Electra's; and, if he were silent, it is she who would suggest one line of hope after another. As it is, the Old Man speaks, and she, self-torturingly, checks him at every suggestion. The suggestions chosen are those already familiar in the legend, and especially canonized in Aeschylus'

Choephoroi. The tress of hair, he thinks, seemed like her own. "What if it were!" she answers; "what would that prove?" But she refuses to look at the hair, refuses to make any comparison. "Will she come and examine the footprints?"—"There will not be any footprints! The ground is far too hard. And, if there were, how can you learn who a man is from his footprint?"—"Is there any token by which she could know Orestes, if he did come?"—"None; none! She was a mere child when he was taken away. Even if she had woven some garment for him, is it likely that he would have kept it all these years? There is no hope! None at all! Why should he go on tormenting her?" . . . At this moment Orestes enters, and the Old Man, lynx-eyed through devotion and expectancy, recognizes him, and falls at his feet.

The play now moves with flashing rapidity. The passionate embraces of brother and sister are cut short by the instant need of action. Any minute lost, now that Orestes is known, may bring death. But what can be done? It were mere madness to go into the King's walled town. Besides, he sleeps ill, and the castle is ringed with guards. "Stay," says the Old Man: "I saw Aegisthus as I came here! He is out in the fields sacrificing a bull to the Nymphs. His slaves are with him, of course. But it is the best chance we are likely to find. Pass by on the road; he is bound by custom to invite any passer-by to join the sacrifice. And there will be weapons about for the bull-slaying! . . ." "Is Clytemnestra there too?", asks Orestes. "No; she shuns the public eye, she is so much hated. She may go later to join the sacrificial feast. "Let that be my work," cries Electra; "I undertake my mother's death!"

In hurried, half-mad deliberation, she casts her eyes upon her brother, the strong Armed Man whom she at last

possesses; and she sees a plan. It is atrocious; but which of these tortured creatures cares for that? It will find Clytemnestra in her weakest spot, where her fear is sharpest, and the remnants of mother's love in her still keen. "Tell her that I have borne a Man Child, and bid her come here to give thanks for me!" "She will never come," cries the old slave. But Electra knows her mother better. How much that Man Child might mean! A new and closer Avenger; or, perhaps, in view of the message and the appeal for help, a Peacemaker at last, the burying of past hatreds in the common mystery of motherhood! The plot is approved. A brief prayer is breathed to the dead Agamemnon. The brother and sister, met after so long, and now to be parted perhaps for ever, throw themselves into one another's arms. Electra, in words that ring with the passion of a time before such vows had become theatrical, swears not to live if Orestes fails in his purpose. The men depart. The old slave is to take Orestes and Pylades to where they can see Aegisthus at his sacrifice, and then go on alone to Clytemnestra with his false message.

After the next Choric interlude, we find Electra at the door of the cottage, wild with suspense. A confused noise has been heard; but there is no news. The noise shows that Orestes has made his attempt; the absence of news must show that he has failed! If so . . . But at this moment a Messenger rushes in. All is well. Aegisthus is slain, and the house-serfs have submitted to their new and rightful master.

We need not follow the Messenger's long description of Aegisthus' death. To our sense, such speeches are generally undramatic; and this one is rather painful, rather ugly. At the end of it, Orestes and Pylades arrive, with some slaves bearing the usurper's body. Electra receives them with a burst of triumph, and crowns them with garlands,

the garlands which the Old Man had brought for the feast. Orestes lays his spoils at her feet. Here is her enemy, her tyrant; hers now, to fling to dogs, to nail upon a gibbet, to do with as she will!

Barbarities of that sort are out of the range of the play; but there is one violation of the ordinary laws of Greek conduct, that still tempts Electra: though, as we shall see, when the power is granted her, it is not really in her nature to use it. She gazes at the body, trembling:

Electra:

A shame is in me, and a craving sore.

Orestes:

What shames thee? Speak; thou art for evermore

Cast loose from fear.

Electra:

To pour upon the dead
My wrath! . . . Perchance to rouse on
mine own head

The sleeping wrath of the world?

Orestes:

No man that lives
Shall scathe thee by one word.

Electra: (Still hesitating.)

Our city gives
Quick blame; and little love have men
for me.

Orestes:

If aught thou has unsaid, sister, be
free

And speak. Between this man and us
no bar

Cometh, nor stint, but the utter rage
of war!

Electra:

Ah me, what have I? What first flood
of hate

To loose upon thee? What last curse
to sate

My pain, or river of wild words to flow
Bank-high between? . . . Nothing? . . .

And yet I know

There hath not passed one sun, but
through the long

Cold dawns over and over like a song
I have said them—words held back, oh,
some day yet

To flash into thy face, would but the
fret

Of ancient fear fall loose and let me free.

Free! And I am, now; and can pay to thee

At last the weary debt.

My soul within! Oh, thou didst kill
any ill,

That thou shouldst make me fatherless? Both me

And this my brother, loveless, solitary?

Aye, thou didst bend my mother to her shame;

Thy weak hand murdered him who led to fame

The hosts of Hellas—thou, that never crossed

O'er seas to Troy! . . . God help thee, wast thou lost

In blindness, long ago, dreaming, some wise,

She would be true with thee, whose sin and lies

Thyself had tasted in my father's place?

And then, that thou were happy, when thy days

Were all one pain? Thou knewest ceaselessly

Her kiss a thing unclean, and she knew thee

A lord so little true, so dearly won! So lost ye both, being in falseness one,

What fortune else had granted; she thy curse,

Who marred thee as she loved thee, and thou hers . . .

And then the lie of lies that dimmed thy brow,

Vaunting that by thy gold, thy chattels, Thou

Wert Something; which themselves are nothingness,

Shadows, to clasp a moment ere they cease;

While through all years one Thing, the Thing Thou Art,

Abideth, yea, upbearth in thine heart The burden of all days. Or didst thou find

In women . . . Women? Nay; peace, peace! The blind

Could read thee . . . Cruel wast thou in thine hour,

Lord of a great King's house, and like a tower

Firm in thy beauty! (*Looking closely at him, and starting back in an im-*

pulse of loathing.) Ah! That girl-like face!

God grant, not that, not that, but some plain grace

Of manhood to the man who brings me love;

A father of straight children, that shall move

On the out-stretched arm of War!

So; get thee gone Naught knowing how the great years,

rolling on,

Have laid thee bare; naught knowing thine own fall

And years of debt full paid!

A strange weary speech, even though we have omitted some of the moralizing of the original. The hate it was to satisfy is, after all, not such a strong and buoyant thing as Electra thought. It is complex, reflective; easily lost in other emotions, in pity and philosophic brooding. Scarcely the passion to carry one successfully through a murder! But, after all, it was not Aegisthus that she hated most. He was a man; and her real hate was kept for one of her own sex. And at any moment Clytemnestra may be with them! The scene proceeds:

Chorus:

Justice is mighty. Passing dark hath been

His sin; and dark the payment of his sin!

Electra: (With a weary sigh, turning from the body.)

Ah me! Go, some of you, bear him from sight,

That, when my mother comes, her eyes may light

On nothing, nothing, till she know the sword. . . .

Orestes: (Looking along the road.)

Stay. There is come a new thing here; a word

To speak. . . .

Electra:

What! Not a rescue from the town

Thou seest?

Orestes: (In a shaken voice.)

"Tis my mother comes; my own

Mother, that bare me.

Electra: (Springing, as it were, to life again, and moving where she can see the road.)

Straight into the snare!

Aye, there she cometh! . . . Welcome in thy rare

Chariot! Welcome in thy brave array!

Orestes:

What would we with our mother?

Didst thou say

Kill her?

Electra: (Turning on him.)

What? Is it pity? Dost thou fear

To see thy mother's shape?

Orestes:

"Twas she that bare

My body into life. She gave me suck,

How can I strike her?

Electra:

Even as she struck

Thy sire and mine!

Orestes: (To himself, brooding.)

O Phœbus, God, what

kind

Of darkness was thy word?

Electra:

If God is blind

Who shall have light?

Orestes: (As before.)

Thou, thou, didst bid me slay

My mother: which is sin!

Electra:

Dost fear the way

That lifts thy murdered father from the dust?

Orestes:

I was a clean man once. Shall I be thrust

From men's sight, blotted with her blood?

Electra:

Thy blot

Is black as death if Him thou succor not!

Orestes:

Who shall do Judgment on me, if she dies?

Electra:

Who shall do Judgment if thy father lies

Forgotten?

Orestes: (Turning suddenly to Electra.)

Stay! How if some fiend of

Hell,

Hid in God's likeness, spake that oracle?

Electra:

In God's own house? I trow not!

Orestes:

And I trow

It was an evil charge! (*He moves away from her.*)

Electra: (Almost despairing.)

To fall me now!

To fall me now! A coward! O brother, no!

Orestes:

What shall it be, then? The same stealthy blow . . .

Electra:

That slew our father! Courage! Thou hast slain

Aegisthus.

Orestes:

Aye. So be it. I have ta'en

A path of many terrors; and shall do Deeds horrible. 'Tis God will have it

so . . .

(*He goes to the door.*)

This is the anguish of battle, not the joy!

He goes into the house just in time, as the Queen enters upon a chariot, followed by a suite of richly dressed attendants. And what sort of woman is she, this doomed and "evil" Queen? We know the majestic murderess of Aeschylus, so strong as to be actually beautiful, so fearless and unrepentant that one almost feels her to be right. One can imagine another figure that would be theatrically effective. A "sympathetic" sinner, beautiful and penitent, eager to redeem her sin by self-sacrifice. But Euripides gives us neither. Perhaps he believed in neither. It is a piteous and most real character that we have here, in this sad middle-aged woman, whose first words are an apology; controlling quickly her old fires, anxious to be as little hated as possible! She would even atone, one feels, if there were any safe way of atonement, but the consequences of her old actions are holding her, and she is bound to persist. And there to receive her stands Electra, drunk with her first triumph, and strung up to the murder-point; and

yet anxious, morbidly anxious, for some fresh quarrel, some injustice, something to whet her hate upon before she strikes.

Clytemnestra:

Down from the wain, ye dames of Troy,
and hold

Mine arm as I dismount.

(*Answering Electra's thought.*) The
spoils and gold

Of Ilion I have sent out of my hall
To many shrines. These bondmaidens
are all

I keep in mine own house. Deemst
thou the cost

Too great to pay for me the child I
lost . . .

Fair though they be?

Electra: (Mockingly.)

Nay, Mother, here am I

Bond likewise, yea, and homeless, to
hold high

Thy royal arm!

Clytemnestra:

Child, the war-slaves are here;

Thou needst not toll.

Electra:

What was it but the spear
Of war, drove me forth, too? Mine
enemies

Have sacked my father's house, and,
even as these,

Captives and fatherless, made me their
prey!

Clytemnestra: (Passionately.)

It was thy father cast his child away,
A child he might have loved! . . . Shall
I speak out?

(*Controlling herself.*) Nay; when a woman
once is caught about

With evil fame, there riseth in her
tongue

A bitter spirit—wrong, I know! Yet,
wrong

Or right, I charge ye look on the deeds
done;

And, if ye needs must hate, when all is
known,

Hate on! What need of loathing ere
ye know?

It is not to Electra that she is speaking. It is to the Chorus; perhaps to her own bondmaids; to any or all of the people whose shrinking so frets her! She makes her defence, urging for the

most part the well-worn pleas of justification—her husband's sacrifice of her daughter, Iphigenia, his love of Cassandra. But there are flashes of something truer and more human. "She was mad; she admits it; made a fool of by her own heart; all woman are! And, just when that was so, her husband brought back his mad mistress. And she threw herself into the arms of his enemy."

For this kind of appeal Electra has no ears; and as for the formal plea, it may deceive strangers, but she was there in the house all the time: a child, it is true, but able to notice and to wonder! For the rest, "If this law of Justice, this death-for-death principle, is to guide us, where do you stand now?"

What Justice shall I take,
I and Orestes, for our father's sake?

Clytemnestra has no heart to strive further.

Clytemnestra:

Aye, child; I know thy heart from
long ago.

Thou hast always loved him best . . .

'Tis ofttime so:

One is her father's daughter, and one
hot

To bear her mother's part. I blame
thee not . . .

Yet think not I am happy, Child; nor
flown

With pride now, in the deeds my hand
hath done . . .

(*Seeing Electra's scorn, she checks herself.*)

But thou art all untended, comfortless
Of body and wild of raiment; and thy
stress

Of travail scarce yet ended! . . . Woe
is me!

'Tis all as I have willed it! Bitterly
I wrought against him, to the last blind
deep

Of bitterness! . . . Woe's me!

Electra:

Fair days to weep,
When help is not! Or stay; though He
lie cold

Long since, there lives another of thy
fold
Far off; there might be pity for thy
son?

Clytemnestra:

I dare not! . . . Aye, I fear him. 'Tis
mine own

Life, and not his, comes nearest. And
fame saith

His rage yet burneth for his father's
death.

Electra:

Why dost thou keep thine husband ever
hot

Against me?

Clytemnestra:

'Tis his mood: And thou
art not

So gentle, Child!

Electra:

My spirit is too sore! (*Beginning, as it
were, to play with her victim before
killing.*)

Howbeit, from this day I will no more
Be fierce against him!

Clytemnestra: (*With a flash of hope.*)

Then, indeed, shall he,

I promise, never more be harsh to thee!

Electra:

He lieth in my house, as 'twere his
own!

'Tis that hath made him proud!

Clytemnestra:

Nay, art thou flown

To strife again so quick, child!

Electra:

Well; I say

No more; long have I feared him, and
always

Shall fear him, even as now!

Clytemnestra:

Nay, daughter, peace!

It bringeth little profit, speech like
this . . .

Why didst thou call me hither?

Electra:

It reached thee,

My word that a Man Child is born to
me?

Do thou make offering for me (for the
rite

I know not) as is meet on the tenth
night,

I cannot; I have borne no child till now.

Clytemnestra:

Who tended thee? 'Tis she should
make the vow.

Electra:

None tended me. Alone I bare my
child.

Clytemnestra:

What, is thy cot so friendless? And
this wild

So far from aid?

Electra:

Who seeks for friendship'

sake

A beggar's house?

Clytemnestra:

I will go in, and make

Due worship for thy child, the Peace-
Bringer.

To all thy need I would be minister.

Then to my lord, where by the meadow
side

He prays the Woodland Spirits . . . Ye
bondmaids; guide

My chariot to the stall; and, when ye
guess

The rite draws near its end, in readi-
ness

Be here again. Then to my lord! . . .
I owe

My lord this gladness, too.

(*The Attendants go away with the
Chariot. Clytemnestra is left alone,
and proceeds to enter the house.*)

Electra:

Welcome below

My narrow roof! And have a care
withal;

A grime of smoke lies deep upon the
wall;

Soil not thy robe . . .

Not far now shall it be,

The sacrifice God asks of me and thee!

The Bread of Death is baken, and the
slow

Blade lifted, that hath laid the Wild
Bull low;

And on his breast . . . Mother! Hast
thou slept well

On earth? Fear not, thou shalt be his
in Hell

For ever! 'Tis my gift upon thy road!
Be thine the payment of my father's

blood!

(*She follows her Mother into the house.*)

After some moments of silence, and
a few faint words of terror from the
women of the Chorus, a cry is heard
within:

Clytemnestra: (Within.)

Oh Children, Children; in the name of
God,

Slay not your Mother!

A Woman:

Did ye hear a cry

Under the rafters?

Another:

I weep too, yea, I;

Upon the mother's heart the child hath
trod!

Another:

God bringeth Justice in his own slow
tide.

Aye, cruel is thy doom; but thy deeds
done

Evil, thou piteous woman, and on one
Whose sleep was by thy side!

Leader:

Lo, yonder, in their mother's newsplit
gore,

Red-garmented and ghastly, from the
door

They reel . . . O horrible! Was it
agony

Like this, she boded in her last wild
cry?

There lives no seed of man calamitous,
Nor hath lived, like the seed of Tan-
talus!

The door of the hut is flung wide open, the dead bodies are seen within, and the murderers come forth. The frantic tension of spirit which has carried them to the crest of their deed has now broken and leaves them unnerved and horror-stricken. It is one of those scenes which are almost too awful for contemplation, too horrible for artistic treatment in any form of drama that seems now possible. But the Greek Drama had its own wonderful method, the secret justification, perhaps, of all its formalism. The very intensity of the emotion of horror tends, in the mind of a Greek dramatist, to express itself in lyrical poetry; and, once lifted into that region, the horror itself is purified and made beautiful.

Orestes:

O Dark of the Earth, O God,
Thou to whom all is plain;

Look on my sin, my blood,

This horror of dead things twain;

Gathered as one they lie

Slain; and the slayer was I,

I, to pay for my pain!

Electra:

Let tear rain upon tear

Brother; but mine is the blame,

A Fire stood over her,

And out of the Fire I came,

I, in my misery . . .

I was the child at her knee;

"Mother" I named her name.

Chorus:

Alas for Fate, for the Fate of thee,

O Mother, Mother of Misery;

And Misery turned to tear thee again,

And Horror of all Dismay, and more,

Even in the fruit thy body bore.

Yet hast thou Justice, Justice plain,

For a sire's blood split of yore.

Orestes:

I have hearkened the voice of thine
hymn,

I have served thee, O Phœbus, O
Seer!

But the Song was of Justice dim,

And the Deed is anguish clear;

And the Gift long nights of fear,

Of blood and of wandering,

Where cometh no Greek thing,

Nor sight nor sound on the air.

Yea, and beyond, beyond,

Roving, what rest is there?

Who of the tribes of men,

What hand not sin-stricken,

Shall bear the touch of my hand,

His mother's murderer?

Electra:

And I? What clime shall hold

My evil, or roof it above?

I cried for dancing of old,

I cried in my heart for love;

What dancing waiteth me now?

What love that shall kiss my brow,

Nor blench at the brand thereof?

Chorus:

Back, back, in the wind and rain

Thy driven spirit wheeleth again.

Now is thine heart made clean within,

That was dark of old and murder-
fraught;

But, lo, thy brother! What hast thou wrought . . .
Yea, though I love thee . . . what woe,
what sin
On him, who willed it not!

Orestes:

Sawest thou her raiment there,
Sister, there in the blood?
She drew it back as she stood,
She opened her bosom bare;
She bent her knees to the earth.
The knees that bent in my birth . . .
And my hand . . . Oh, her hair, her
hair! . . .
(*He breaks into inarticulate weeping.*)

Chorus:

Oh, thou didst walk in agony,
Hearing thy mother's cry, the cry
Of wordless wailing, well know I.

Electra:

She stretched her hand to my cheek,
And there brake from her lips a
moan;
"Mercy, my Child, my own!"
Her hands clung to my cheek;
Clung and my arm was weak,
And the sword fell and was gone.

Chorus:

Unhappy Woman, could thine eye
The Independent Review.

Look on the blood, and see her lie,
Thy Mother, where she turned to die?

Orestes:

I lifted over mine eyes
My mantle; blinded I smote,
As one smiteth a sacrifice;
And the sword found her throat.

Electra:

I gave thee the sign and the word;
I touched with mine hand thy sword.

Chorus:

Dire is the grief ye have wrought.

Orestes:

Sister, lift her again;
Oh, veil the body of her;
Shed on her raiment fair,
And close that death-red stain.
Mother! And didst thou bear,
Bear in thy bitter pain,
To life, thy Murderer?

Electra:

On her that I loved of yore,
Robe upon robe I cast:
On her that I hated sore.

Chorus:

O House that hath hated sore,
Behold thy peace at the last!
Gilbert Murray.

THE CASE OF THE ABBE LOISY.

There are events which force even the most retiring of mortals to speak out. I have too long been the close friend of the Abbé Loisy, not to feel constrained to bear my little, utterly spontaneous witness, now that special trouble has come upon him. Though from the first, in 1890, I was aware of a difference of temperament between us, though I did not and do not think all his actions wise, nor all his opinions true, yet the man was a very man. The ever-growing breadth of his learning, the penetration of his critical sense, his delightful simplicity, humor, and

utter freedom from pedantry and rhetoric, his grand historic outlook and apprehension as to the spiritual-mental requirements of our times; the inspiring courage with which he pressed on to what could not fail to swiftly bring grave opposition, all this in and for the Christian, Catholic, Roman Church: this made me gladly proud to work so largely with this little peasant's son, who was so nobly willing to sow in tears that, after storms, mistakes, and inevitable confusion, others might reap in joy.

And now, after some thirteen years

of dull or violent opposition from the many and warm support from a few, has come the censure of Rome herself. For we have now Decrees of the Congregation of the Index and of the Holy Office, putting five of his writings upon the list of prohibited books, with a covering letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State, written by command of the Holy Father. This letter goes considerably beyond the structure of the Holy Office, since the latter refrains from all specific censure, whereas the letter alleges frequent errors, and gives some description of their nature. It is clear, however, that the vaguer censure of the Holy Office is the most weighty of these three documents, as, indeed, the Cardinal's letter itself implies. Three classes of his books are involved: the sketch of Biblical History, written against Renan; the two little volumes of Religious Philosophy and Apologetic, directed against Harnack; and two volumes of a specialist character, the "*Etudes Evangéliques*," and the Commentary on the Fourth Gospel.

Now it is certain that he, and we his friends, have labored hard, in various ways and degrees, for the further improvement of historico-critical method, and for its application to the literary-historical phenomena and products of religion; yet all this, within and for the Church, of which the Officialty is a necessary and the regulative part. And as he will no doubt respectfully submit himself, and condemn whatever may be reprehensible in these writings, with the obvious and due reservation of his self-respect as an historian, and of adhesion to the general historical method and its legitimate applications, so do I, for my own person also. In doing so I would explain a little, how I think the whole complex matter stands.

I take, then, the condemnation to be, primarily, a shielding of the great majority amongst us who, utterly unprepared for the methods and more or less

assured conclusions which the historical labors of two centuries and more have been slowly maturing and sifting out, have been or may be upset by such large speculation and bold attempts at a Catholic synthesis of the historico-critical facts as are contained in the two recent little books, and, in a lesser degree, in the "*Religion d'Israël*." To such minds the whole might readily spell sheer error and destruction. This distress of mind was deeply painful to us all; and Authority could not but take disciplinary cognizance of it. Yet, if we would be just to the Abbé's action, we should remember that he was certainly not writing for this class, but for another which, as truly extant, has, since the late Renaissance, been, alas, largely and increasingly alienated from the Church. These men of the learned and liberal professions, whether Catholic or not, the Church cannot but preach to them also; and in this world, accustomed, alas, not to such reverend criticism but to destructive scepticism, his work has—I have much documentary evidence before me—done solid, spiritual good. It is more difficult to explain the censure, in so far as disciplinary, passed on the two specialist books, especially the "*Fourth Gospel*." For a large-octavo book of well nigh one thousand pages on so immensely complex a subject, would seem safe against reaching the non-specialist class. And the books could not but, as epoch-making, continue to be studied by the specialists whom they concern. No doubt the Decree of the Holy Office is doctrinal in its drift; yet, since its non-specification of particulars cannot fairly be taken as incriminating the whole, we seem to be directed to conclude that we specialists must use these books with due caution and criticism; they contain hypotheses and theories which, if pressed from a scholastic standpoint, we cannot reconcile with the faith.

Now, if we realize how little of an eccentric is the Abbé, how he is but attempting to consistently apply those same methods which even his fullest opponents cannot entirely shake off, and that, even already, appreciable portions of his teaching, which in 1893 cost him his professorship, have been adopted by strict Catholic theologians, we can, I think, find three fairly close parallels to this great contention in the past. Take the infiltration and irruption of Aristotelianism into the Church, about 1150 and before. St. Bernard (died 1153) clenches his denunciation of Abelard by "another Aristotle." In 1210 the Archbishop of Sens, in a Provincial Council, orders that "neither Aristotle's Physics nor their Commentaries be read in Paris, publicly or secretly." In 1215 the Papal Legate there forbids the study of the Metaphysics and the Physics. Yet, in 1229, the Dominican *Magistri* of Toulouse decide that "students are free to attend there lectures on the Physics, which had been condemned in Paris"; and in 1254 the Metaphysics and Physics get officially adopted at the Paris University. Soon after, Aristotle has become "the precursor of Christ in things natural"; and for St. Thomas he is simply "the Philosopher." A new philosophical interpretation of religion had taken the place of the old; yet religion itself remained as true and operative as ever. Take the controversy as to the authorship of the Dionysian writings. In Constantinople, in 533, they are held to be by a disciple of the Apostles. And from the time of St. Maximus Confessor (died 662), they were universally held to be by the Areopagite, St. Paul's convert, mentioned in Acts xvii. 34, at a date of about A.D. 53. St. Thomas has incorporated the whole of these works, and Dionysius furnishes the fundamental literary form of Catholic Mystical Theology to this day. And though already Valla (died 1465), and

then Erasmus (died 1536) uttered doubts as to their authenticity, a bitter and impassioned controversy raged around them for four centuries, down to the later Archbishop Darboy and Père Dulac, S.J., in 1845 and 1865. Yet now the greatest living authorities are Father Stiglmayr, S.J., and the secular priest Dr. Hugo Koch, who both, with the formal Imprimatur, prove Dionysius to be based throughout upon the Neo-Platonist heathen philosopher Proclus (died 485), and to have been written between that year and 515. The date and literary source of the great Mystical authority have been shifted by four centuries, and from St. Paul to Proclus, a shifting far beyond anything required in the Old Testament, let alone the New; yet Catholic Mysticism, which, for its forms, was for a thousand years directly based upon it, has lived on, as true and deep as ever. And take Copernicanism. Here we have the declaration of the Holy Office, published February 24th, 1616. Galileo's proposition, "the sun is the centre of the world and without local motion," is declared by all the theologian members to be "foolish and absurd in philosophy, and formally heretical, inasmuch as it expressly contradicts Holy Scripture in many places." And his proposition, "the earth is not the centre of the world and not motionless," is declared by all to be "subject to the same censure in philosophy, and to be at least erroneous in the Faith." On February 25th the cardinals of the Inquisition approved this declaration; and the Pope ordered Cardinal Bellarmine to admonish Galileo to abandon his opinion. On March 5th the Congregation of the Index suspends the book of Copernicus, published in 1543, till it be corrected, and entirely forbids and rejects all others which teach the same doctrine. And the second trial in 1633 ended on June 22nd, with Galileo's formal retraction of his "Dialogo," pub-

lished five months before, as "false and altogether contrary to Scripture." None of these decrees were *ex cathedra*; yet they were undoubtedly doctrinal, and cannot, by their authors, have been held to be other than irreformable. Indeed, up to 1820 the Roman censorship disallowed the earth's movement as a thesis, and not till 1835 were the books descriptive of Galileo's discoveries removed from the Index. Yet the triumph of Copernicanism has been complete. In no branch of scientific investigation have Catholics, indeed Jesuits, done better, during these last fifty years, than in planetary astronomy. The very centre of our visible universe, and all our picturings of God's dealings with man have here, for all educated minds, been reconstructed beyond recall; yet the Faith is still the central "light of all our seeing."

Now, if the Church had undoubted rights and duties of a moderating, disciplinary kind, in these three great debates, which lasted one, four, and two centuries, and if only when, within such philosophical, historico-critical, inductive-science matters, the authorities became absolute and doctrinal, grave perils for all concerned arose: it is clear that the same unchallengeable rights and duties, but also the same deep dangers, are with us still and now. And again, necessities every whit as pressing as Aristotelianism and as Copernicanism are working now within and upon us all. These are, as then, both mental and spiritual. The former lies in the unescapableness of the historico-critical method, for all thinking men, and for Catholics in particular. You can, if you know how to not think at all, escape from thinking in the categories that have been matured, ever since the Renaissance, in application to all history. You can, if you are an Illuminist, try and do, religiously, without history altogether. But you cannot escape, *qua* human being, from

thought and the pressure of facts and of logic; and you cannot, as an historical Christian, escape from history. The methods that have resuscitated the Roman Forum, reconstituted the *Liber Pontificalis*, and given us a fine Commentary on the Book of the Judges, cannot but apply to the analysis and reconstruction of that primitive Christian literature and phenomenal history, which is the most entrancing subject-matter for every fully alive and believing man's mind and heart. Not one of the four groups of men indicated but has made mistakes. Yet not one but has produced work and has exercised an influence, which are in good part abiding. And in the general aim and substance of their labors, the first group involves the last, and each has got a self-consistent method and a fruitful faith, only if it finds room for the toll of the other three. The late Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, and Père Alfred Lapôtre, S.J., have admirably brought out the hopelessly vicious circle in which those theologians are entrapped, who must and do appeal to this and that, as part of phenomenal history, yet will not allow that same document or fact to be examined and tested by the universal historical method. Here escape is possible only at the cost of sterilizing unreality of mind, and of a corrosive, even if silent, scepticism.

For the spiritual necessities here come in with terrible force. I take them to be three: action, sincerity, self-crucifixion. Systematically discourage, amongst those endowed with the great gift of Faith and with latent powers of thought and investigation, all mental activity, or turn the latter into merely repetitive, archaeological channels; and man, made for eating his bread in the sweat of his brow, and for ever reacquainting and reconstituting truth for himself at the simply inevitable risk of error, will soon be empty, shrunken,

with the horrible pain of a barren contraction all about him; his lower nature will then as readily predominate, as if it had lost the precious anchor and unique motive of Faith. For myself I have been taught, by a bitter experience which nothing could justify me in repeating, that though, alas, I could cease to believe, though possibly I could cease to think upon subjects of religion; that, as long as I do believe, I cannot cease to study, with the best methods procurable, the historical and psychological sides of the very realities and of that life which I love and try to live by, from which I spring and to which I go.

And then there is that queen of the intellectual virtues—perfect sincerity of mind, which, surely, is a kind of fruitful virginity of soul. I long tried to reach truth, directly through orthodoxy, and feel very sure that, for many, this is the only way. But I found, for my own case, that I was thus losing both truth and orthodoxy, and with them, all fruitfulness as well. Since I have been taught, by saintly spiritual leaders, to try and find orthodoxy through ever increasing, ever tollful, self-renouncing sincerity of mind, and to gladly will that the majority, largely without doubt much better than myself and with idiosyncrasies other than my own, should, at best, just simply bear with me: I have found interior strength and a joyous love of the Catholic Church. And lastly, there is the ever fruitful Cross of our one Master—Christ. I take it that only he, amongst those who vividly realize and manfully face the facts and warring claims of our times of dimness and transition, will keep the Faith, who has so deeply learnt and who so universally applies the lesson of the crucified, as to instinctively shrink from and distrust any conception and practice of life or of knowledge, which would not include, and not exclude, much friction, conflict, growth,

mystery, and pain. The full peace and harmony for which we thirst, stand nowhere before these things, but everywhere behind them; not only does sense ever at first seem to contradict spirit, but the phenomenal everywhere, if taken with brutal frankness, seems to obscure or even to contradict the metaphysical realities, in and through which alone we truly live. Yet in both cases the lower cannot be got rid of, since, indeed, it is the divinely intended material and occasion of the growth and deepening of our higher selves. Here our grand Catholic tradition of fleeing and seeking, of action and recollection, of noble attachment and heroic detachment, comes in with an amazingly vivid renovation of its inmost truth. The inclusion and proper utilizing of the phenomenal, determinist-seeming facts and method of science, within the total activity and growth of human personality, so as to feed, check, purify and render fruitful the metaphysical and spiritual convictions and interpretations of the soul, which, in their turn, alone give full meaning and value to that phenomenal series: all this has for men of faith and study become more and more inevitable, urgent, difficult, crucifying. Yet it brings with it the sure fruits of the accepted Cross, a humble, humiliating creative power, and a peace which no man can give or take away.

And if Abbé Loisy's learned work and influence seem destined, in their substance, to live on amongst Biblical specialists, and this, according as time and further study improve his own efforts, and develop within its students the latent necessities of this complex subject-matter: we can already, I think, see pretty clearly in what class of figures he will be reckoned in that earthly copy of our Father's house with many mansions, the Catholic Church, his birthplace and his home. He will be reckoned with Pascal, so great and helpful in his philosophy, in spite of the

vivacious exaggerations of his "Provincial Letters," and of his moral rigorism, the latter unshared by my friend; with Fénelon, that winning apostle of Pure Love, in spite of the excessiveness and misleading terminology of some passages of his "Maximes des Saints"; with Mabillon, who, though now rightly quoted on all occasions in proof of the combinableness of deep Catholic piety and critical research, had, with tough volition, to push his epoch-making labors through endless opposition; and with Cardinal Newman, who, though he has done more than any other dozen men put together for again turning the minds of Englishmen towards the centre of Catholic unity, was for years suspected and denounced. And it will never be difficult to combine deep gratitude and considerable docility towards the intrepid renovator of Biblical studies amongst us, with a full readiness to ad-

The Pilot

mit his liability to mistakes and to obscurity. For have we not, even in St. Thomas, some difficulty in proving him correct as to the Immaculate Conception? And St. Augustine's doctrine as to Grace, is it not all but Jansenist? And were not writings, attributed at the time to Origen, actually condemned by a General Council? And does not the Second Epistle to St. Peter tell us that "in Paul's Epistles are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction?" And yet, what would the Church be without the massively just and comprehensive Aquinate, or without the soaring ardors of Monica's great son, or without the bold large outlook of him who learnt from Didymus the Blind, or, above all, without him of Tarsus, the greatest missionary and perhaps the deepest of all earthly knowers and lovers of Christ Our Lord?

Friedrich von Hügel.

THE CREEVEY PAPERS.¹

We are growing richer in letters and journals with decent rapidity. But a little while since Mr. Rowland Prothero gave us the last of his 500 new Byron letters; later still we have had the correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox; and now from the Shades comes Mr. Thomas Creevey, M.P., gossip and past-master in the use of other people's houses. The two sets of letters I have chosen from my own reading to put by Mr. Creevey's make an odd contrast with them, by the bye: Byron, with his world-wide interest and stormy passions, and Lady Sarah, with her romantic history and indestructible fascination, make up a strange trio with Mr.

Creevey, shrewdly calculating the minor probabilities of politics, and proud of the imitations with which he could enliven a dinner table. But neither of them would have disdained his company, nor would he have been in the least put about by theirs. For if he had not a great soul, he had an amusing observation, and if circumstances led him to live habitually in the society of the great, he was never a snob, but took people on their merits, as he saw them for the moment. It strikes me, I am afraid, as a remarkable fact that Creevey, a man "of no origin," as the pleasant phrase was, whose talents were not really important in politics,

¹ "The Creevey Papers": a selection from the correspondence and diaries of the late Thomas

Creevey, M.P. 1768-1838. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Published by John Murray.

and who was a poor man to boot, was able to live where "dukes were two a penny," so to speak, and to have for friends so many of the social and political lights, without condescension on their part or subservience on his. I fear it seems to me remarkable, considering that he was without any extraordinary force of character, or the genius that will always upset the prepossessions of ordinary men, and I doubt if a contemporary Creevey, neither rich nor well-advertised, could easily hold such a position. The difference, if it exists, I take to lie in the fact that in the time of Wellington and Grey there still prevailed an idea of caste which made such men a Creevey's technical superiors, but left them free to meet him on terms of absolute equality on the ordinary occasions of life; whereas nowadays, such men, clinging consciously or not to a distinction which is professedly abolished, would be more inclined to intimate the distinction in their attitude—or, rather, not men of character and capacity, like Grey and Wellington, but inferior men of their position in life, whom Creevey frequented as easily. Were the contemporary Creevey rich, he might, perhaps, marry into their families with less difficulty than his fore-runner, how rich soever: that is another question. But I will not pursue this excursion into the lesser philosophy of social life; it is easy to be prejudiced against one's times. It is clear, however, that Thomas Creevey had a simple self-respect, and was never anything of a parasite. I find him a great deal more independent (for example) than Thomas Moore.

Unfortunately, however, good qualities of character are not the best recommendations for a letter-writer to posterity. It is pleasant to respect Mr. Creevey for his independence, but for us it is far more important that he was very indiscreet, a considerable scandal-mon-

ger, and apt to be both violent and malicious in his dislikes. When the Princess Charlotte died, and all the Royal Dukes had to start a-marrying, the Duke of Kent sent for his friend Creevey in Brussels, expatiated on the situation, and appealing to Creevey's own feelings in regard to Mrs. Creevey, pointed out the painfulness of his position in regard to Mme. St. Laurent, a lady with whom he had lived for twenty-seven years. Pathetic, in his way, this elderly gentleman, who had done no harm, and merely because of his birth might have to break up his establishment and revolutionize his habits, and at least one would have thought the conversation confidential. But Mr. Creevey greatly increased his reputation for amusing talk by repeating it to his friends. Again, when he was staying with Mr. Lambton (afterwards Lord Durham), no delicacy prevented his describing his host in a letter as a "stingy, swindling, tyrannical kip." I admit the provocation to have been severe: Lord Durham had not given Mr. Creevey enough to eat at dinner. His violence is usually reserved for his political opponents, for he was a partisan after the manner of the day, and among those on his side for Brougham—I shall come to a pretty example later on—but old friendship did not prevent his glancing pretty sharply at faults when he saw them. (He looked with a tolerant eye, however, on the faults of his own youth: "About twelve years ago he wrote to me to inquire the character of a mistress who had lived with me some time before, which mistress he took upon my recommendation"—and, by the way, Charles Greville tells us that he left his papers to his mistress; but in this matter it is enough to say that, not being a Puritan, the fashion of the period did not force him to pretend to be one.) That of the moral faults which help to make him entertaining. He was also intensely inquisitive. When

he heard that the correspondence of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert had been burned, "Oh dear! oh dear!" says he, "that I could not have seen them," and the destruction of George's letters to Lady Jersey was "damned provoking" to him. *He* would not have burnt Byron's diary, you may be sure. He was sometimes rather an old woman in the sort of tattle he would gravely repeat by letter, such as Lady Grey's complaining that her daughter-in-law took down her remarks in a journal: that again is to our advantage. He had a strong, though not a delicate, sense of humor. After persons and politics—and in regard to both his judgment was shrewd within the limits of his prejudices, and his observation always quick for details—he dwells most on houses, furniture, and the like, in which he was curious, like Horace Walpole; he was very severe on the new Buckingham Palace; but he knew nothing of pictures, and could go to Petworth without noticing the Romneys, though that, as his editor says, was a general deficiency of his time. His style is entirely colloquial. There, I think, he has an advantage over Croker, with whom Sir Herbert Maxwell compares him. A fine literary sense brought to the service of letter-writing, and thoroughly bent to it, the gift of Horace Walpole, is one thing; to write letters in the manner of essays, which is largely Croker's way, is another. Neither Croker nor Creevey is to be mentioned as a letter writer with Walpole, but Byron, who at least approached him, and who could write good enough "literary" prose when he chose, was content to be colloquial in his letters, and Creevey was well inspired to be so also. I attended pretty closely to his slang, and in general to his use of phrases, having a fad for the niceties of my native tongue in its progression. Slang which occurs in Lady Sarah's earlier letters—*i. e.*, in the 'sixties and 'seventies of the eigh-

teenth century—is not in Mr. Creevey's—no "grubbing up" a conversation, or "lending a tascusa." In fact, his slang is quite modern. His acquaintances are often "chaps," and "Croker had made a damned rum figure" in the House. His swearing, for which I noticed that a reviewer censured poor Creevey, is all damns, a word I have heard in my time from people by no means pariahs, the reviewer will be surprised to hear. A lady who had gone astray was "known to be a 'neat 'un.'" "Carnarvon never uttered," is an aposiopesis I had thought was of only the other day, and so "really beyond" and "really too" smack of the eighteen-eighties. The second Mrs. Tanquerays of the period (as Lady Darlington, and the wife of a son of his friend, Lord Sefton) are poplollies, or pops. "Wouldn't touch it," is used in the sense of not responding to praise, &c., &c., a slightly different use from our own, but these two expressions, and the afore-mentioned "kip," are almost the only obsolete slang. And so much for the qualities of the letters and diaries.

Their interest is chiefly in their content, and I think the best plan by which I can give an idea of that is to name some few of the more notable persons who figure in the volumes, and to repeat something of what he says of them. Of Creevey's own life it is enough for my purpose to say that he was born in 1768, went into Parliament for a pocket borough in 1802, and from that time until his death in 1838, was intimate with the Whig chiefs, especially with Lord Grey, and with the Whig society, and knew in a way nearly everybody else.

The whole of Charles Fox's career is familiar, but in most of the entertaining, intimate records which we have of him he is an uncontrolled young man, offending every one by his gambling, his debts, his innumerable excesses, and conciliating every one by his wit, his

manners, and his friendly humanity. So in Selwyn and Walpole; in Lady Sarah he is also a charming boy. It is a little odd to find him in Creevey's earliest letters become "Old Charley." (He had always been "Charles" to his friends; "Charley" belonged to the wider circle of admirers. We all know Charles's and Charlies, and it would be a congenial exercise to discriminate between the names, but I forbear.) Of course he fascinated Creevey also, who calls him this "noble animal," and "amiable creature," and so shows him in his last years still the unaffected, kindly genius he had always been, distinguished by sheer force of intellect, in all else the natural friend to all pleasures and frailties. It is good to know that in 1803 "you would be perfectly astonished at the vigor of body, the energy of mind, the innocent playfulness and happiness of Fox. The contrast between him and his old associates is the most marvellous thing I ever saw—they having all the air of shattered debauchees, of passing gaming, drinking, sleepless nights, whereas the old leader of the gang might really pass for the pattern and effect of domestic good order." Constitution, partly or mostly, but also the essentially innocent soul, the native childlikeness of that lovable prodigy, I like to fancy; it is pleasant to have the record. Pitt, of course, is "the fellow"; the useful working of our glorious party system, which ensures that half the politicians shall belittle any great man on the other side, was in strong force.

The Royal Family was honored by affording Mr. Creevey a great part of his anecdotes, jokes, and reflections. I cannot but think there was something heartless and unamiable in the manner in which the letter writers and diarists of the period speak of it. Of course, the extreme reverence of our attitude to the Crown, which is a creation of Queen Victoria's later years, must not

be looked for. It would have seemed un-English to Creevey's contemporaries. I can understand, also, the contemptuous references to the first two Georges, who were despised as foreigners of an inferior social civilization, and were unkindly men. George III., too, who in many ways claimed respect, was naturally hated for his successful fighting in politics; it is natural that Brougham should refer to him as the "old ruffian" in writing to Creevey, and that "the gentleman at the end of the Mall" should be his most impartial description. But George the Fourth, though he might not claim respect, might reasonably complain (as he complained to Croker) of ingratitude and unkindness towards him personally. The Whigs thought he threw them over. Good: a reason for opposition to him. But, as well as courting them politically, before he was Regent, he had shown a great deal of genuine personal kindness to individuals. Creevey, for instance, was entertained over and over again at the Pavillion; Mrs. Creevey was complimented with Mrs. Fitzherbert's confidences, and so on. (It is hardly necessary to mention that Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage was regarded as regularizing her position, or that even when she had ceased to live with the Regent, she was "received" in English society.) But as soon as it was clear that the Regent intended not to dismiss his father's Ministers his "folly and villainy" became clear to Mr. Creevey, and from that time onwards poor "Prinny," as they called him even after he was King, is handled mercilessly and at times brutally, both by Creevey and his correspondents. It was the mode of the time, and it was unfair, because if the Royalties were fair game for criticism, as of course they were, they were also entitled to ordinary pity and sympathy, and in the main, they were all, George and his brothers—perhaps one should except

the Duke of Cumberland—very human and good-natured people. But "Prinny has let loose his belly, which now reaches his knees; otherwise he is said to be well"—(Lord Folkestone to Creevey in 1818: George had given up stays)—is a fair specimen of their treatment, and it is rather coarse-fibred. There is, however, a deal that is amusing in all this abuse of Prinny. As, for example, the Duke's attacking him for *swearing*—of all things in the world. "By God! you never saw such a figure in your life as he is," the Duke is made to say in Creevey's journal. "Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into a room with him." A touch of Creevey's humor here. It was Lord Thanet who called George the "bourgeois gentilhomme," a phrase which, as Creevey said, would have annoyed him more than "our fat friend." His brothers were treated with the same unkind raillery, and yet they seem to have been homely and unaffected. It was a tradition, no doubt, this hostile attitude, perhaps better than servility. A few stories, however, of William's genuine, though undignified, kindness are related pleasantly, and Creevey, like the rest of the world, was conciliated by Victoria's virgin modesty and grace; there is a picture one can see of her struggling to get off a tight glove when he was presented to her at Brighton. George's singing has often been mentioned (and criticized), but I had never heard before of his lending his vocal assistance to the band in the Pavillon, "and very loud, too," Mr. Creevey says. All this early part about him shows at least a pleasant host, and the pumped-up indignation about Queen Caroline might have been less bitter. Still, he was certainly bringing the monarchy down with a run, and when one reads that Dr. O'Reilly, who attended him on his death-bed, said that "with common prudence he might

have lived to a hundred," one reflects that perhaps his excesses were for the best.

Creevey's conversations with Wellington are most life-like. Croker's tell one infinitely more of military and political points; but he never gives us the "real thing," the Duke, as he really spoke, in all his bluff sincerity and unconsciousness. Creevey started by undervaluing him as a political opponent, but he was brought round by the Duke's good sense, or, perhaps, a little by the great man's friendliness. One enjoys his saying, just after Waterloo, "By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there." Creevey, discreet for once, omitted this sentence in sending home a report of the conversation, thinking it might sound vainglorious, and rightly perceiving that the Duke had no thought of himself at all. He showed "no triumph or joy," but spoke of the affair as a piece of business done, a grave business which had cost so many lives, just, in fact, as Englishmen like their generals to speak, even to the Duke's plainness. "It has been a damned serious business; Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life." Surely if ever a good Englishman spoke it was then.

There is not much to say of Creevey's friends, unless one were to dive into the smaller politics and pick up very minute pearls indeed of added information. He was at home with Grey, and Lord Sefton, and the Twelfth Duke of Norfolk, whom he calls "Barney" or "Scroop." It was Sefton who offered him a dinner in London whenever he dined nowhere else; Grey, with whom he stayed several weeks at a time. With Holland House he was sometimes familiar, sometimes at feud, resenting Lady Holland's bullying ways—one remembers Melbourne's "damned if I'll dine with you at all!"—and I think en-

joying the overtures she would make for his recall. The people he cuts at in passing are legion. He was friends with Brougham at first, nominally so till the end, but, like many other men, soon began to suspect that brilliant eccentric of double-dealing and rapidly arrived at his "low lying dirty shuffling villainy." To Macaulay I was pleased—it would be tedious to explain why—to read that he took a great dislike. "Yesterday I dined at Stanley's. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Gordon were the only performers after dinner, and two more noisy, vulgar fellows I never saw. Fitzroy Somerset, Kempt, McDonald, and I settled that between ourselves afterwards." He disliked Lord John Russell, and was of opinion that D'Orsay was "as ultra a villain as either city," London or Paris, "can produce." That I was sorry to read, but, after all, it is more amusing to read censorious than eulogistic judgments, is it not? Creevey gives you a great many.

Useless to extract many more of the interesting points: how he travelled in the earliest railway, and was terrified by its twenty miles an hour; how a balloon drew out the members from the House of Commons, so that there was a count-out, and Brougham, who had been preparing a speech all day, could not deliver it; how Lady Holland described Lady C. Lamb's notorious "Glenarvon" to Mrs. Creevey, and gave her the key, and the like. I am reminded by this that one sometimes needs a key to Mr. Creevey, where Sir Herbert Maxwell has suppressed names. For his editing in general I offer my humble praises. The book did not require the extraordinarily thorough annotation which Mr. Prothero has given Byron's letters. I think that Sir Herbert might have given occasionally the least bit more of information, for the sake of readers who are not well "up" in the period; Hobhouse, for example, is mentioned several times, and it

would have added to their interest to be told that he was Byron's most intimate friend; or when Queen Adelaide's refusal to receive the Duchess of St. Albans (relict of Mr. Coutts) is related, they might have been told that she had been Mrs. Mellon, the famous actress. Mr. Creevey will make his way to other than the well-informed. In the main, however, Sir Herbert's identifications and dates are all that is required, and his interspersed narrative is excellently to the point. But I am not sure that his suppressions are always wise, quite sure they are not always logical. He speaks of a "severe system of selection," and sometimes gives initials only—once, when all that is said is that certain people were *talking* scandal. Creevey died in 1838; was any one likely to be aggrieved? It is assumed that the King does not object to scandalous stories about his great-uncles, or even about his grandfather; and if that is so, need his subjects be supposed more touchy? In one place Creevey gives the parentage of Captain Garth, which Sir Herbert Maxwell makes "the Duke of . . .," and the "Princess —," and then remarks that he would "hesitate to withdraw the veil," if Madame de Lieven had not done so. Withdraw the veil indeed! I know I am on more slippery ground if I add that the suppression of coarse phrases, the "terms too little equivocal for modern taste," does not meet my approval. My reasons are that these books are produced for grown-up people, who would not be supposed to be in danger of adopting offensive terms into their own conversation, that the very omission gives a disproportionate importance to mere fashions of speech, that the terms in question may be interesting for the history of language, and that since we do not expect contemporary notions of taste in other respects, when we read long dead authors, it is foolish to force our contem-

porary taste upon them in this respect. But I have argued the matter before, and know that I am alone in my opinion. No one ever says or writes anything coarse now, or can endure that his grandfather ever did so either. Be it said that Sir Herbert Maxwell is less squeamish than most other English editors. I take leave of my pleasant gossip a little saddened at the end. For though we may dig up more of his life, I doubt if any one living is preparing a rivalry with him. We push more, and have less leisure generally, it may be, but I fancy that the Creevy type of man, the man who was in, and of, the most important political or other life of the time, but had leisure from his own advancement to observe and write down, is too scarce. Also, I fancy, that the society he describes, where social gifts were still valued for

The Fortnightly Review.

their own sake, and money was less of an open sesame anywhere, must have been more agreeable, on the whole, than any general society we are likely soon to see again. . . . I began by noting our increasing richness in old letters and diaries; I will end by hoping that the increase may continue. When we see, I forget how many thousand, new novels come out every year, novels which are, for the most part, the superfluous creation of imaginary duldards in a world that is full of real ones, we may surely find room for more of these genuine records of interesting life.

Could you melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples—

Could we exchange the novels of
Messrs. A., B., and C. for another Walpole, or even another Creevey!

G. S. Street.

WHAT THINGS ARE CONTRABAND OF WAR?

Contraband is a term of positive law, and even its primary sense denotes something prohibited by ban or edict. The final emancipation of legitimate neutral commerce was the outcome of centuries of struggle, carried on, on the one hand, by neutral individuals striving to trade unhindered by war, and, on the other, by belligerents, striving to weaken their opponents by depriving them of the benefits of maritime commerce, whether carried on in their own ships or in those of neutrals. From the very beginning of that struggle, it was understood that such emancipation should never extend to the illegitimate neutral commerce involved in the transport of such commodities as are capable of being immediately used by one belligerent in the prosecution of hostilities against another. That self-

evident principle of self-preservation so far antedated the birth of modern international law, that several Roman Emperors imposed heavy penalties upon the sale of arms, iron, or other necessities to the barbarians, and, as a perpetuation of that idea, the Popes, in their time, by edict or interdict, put under the ban of the Church such Christian traders as trafficked with infidels in weapons and munitions of war. In that way the term *contraband* came to be applied to the commerce in prohibited articles. Long before there was any consensus of opinion between nations as to what articles should be considered *contraband*, the power to define their character was admitted to reside in the Sovereign of the country prohibiting their importation or exportation.

By the first quarter of the seventeenth century, ideas upon the subject of contraband had so far crystallized, that Grotius was able to distinguish between those things which are useful only for the purposes of war, those which are not so, and those which are susceptible of indiscriminate use in peace and war. "There are some things," he says, "which are of use in war alone, as arms; there are others which are useless in war, and which serve only for the purposes of luxury; and there are others which can be employed both in war and peace, as money, provisions, ships, and articles of naval equipment. He is on the side of the enemy who supplies him with the necessities of war. The second class of objects gives rise to no dispute. With regard to the third class, embracing objects of ambiguous use (*incipitis usus*), the state of the war must be considered. If seizure is necessary for defence, the necessity confers a right of arresting the goods, under the condition, however, that they shall be restored unless some sufficient reason interferes." No higher tribute to the comprehensiveness or permanency of Grotius' classification can be found than that embodied in the fact of its substantial reproduction by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1866, in the following form:—"The classification of goods as contraband or not contraband has much perplexed text-writers and jurists. A strictly accurate and satisfactory classification is, perhaps, impracticable; but that which is best supported by American and English decisions may be said to divide all merchandise into three classes. Of these classes, the first consists of articles manufactured and primarily and ordinarily used for military purposes in time of war; the second, of articles which may be, and are, used for purposes of war or peace, according to circumstances; and the

third, of articles exclusively used for peaceful purposes. Merchandise of the first class, destined to a belligerent country, or places occupied by the army or navy of a belligerent, is always contraband; merchandise of the second class is contraband only when actually destined to the military or naval use of a belligerent; while merchandise of the third class is not contraband at all, though liable to seizure and condemnation for violation of the blockade or siege."

Almost from the outset, the fact was recognized that contraband cannot be limited to arms and munitions of war, that it must be so extended as to embrace a larger list of articles, which may or may not be contraband according to the greater or less intimacy of their association with warlike operations. In that way, a wide field for controversy was opened up between two sets of disputants, each prompted by motives of self-interest to insist upon an expansion or contraction of the list of contraband, according as the one or the other plan best served their own purposes. Great Britain, as the possessor of the greatest sea power, has naturally stood forth as the representative of the idea which favors not only a long list of contraband goods, but also a policy of severity in dealing with those who attempt to traffic in prohibited goods. Against that policy, upheld in the main by English jurists and statesmen, have been arrayed the continental jurists, who have advocated a short list of contraband articles and a lenient method of dealing with those who offend in doubtful cases. Between the two stand the statesmen and writers on international law of America, who, in the drafting of treaties and State papers, have inclined as much to continental models as, in the making of judicial decisions, they have inclined to English precedents. Nothing, however, like uniformity in practice or con-

sistency in principle can be attributed to any one of the disputants. The conflicts between jurists as to the application of the principles involved have not been more marked than the inconsistent practices under which the same State has not only enforced one policy at one time and another at another, but has actually placed conflicting lists of contraband articles in different treaties almost at the same moment.

If arms and munitions of war are contraband by the common consent of nations, it is no extreme extension of principle to associate with them the materials out of which, and the machinery by which, they are fabricated. While such is not the accepted usage of all nations, it is certainly the general practice of Great Britain and the United States so to regard them. On the same general principle, saltpetre and sulphur have generally been included in the contraband list, and in the same category must be placed the materials necessary in the manufacture of the other various kinds of explosives created of late by the ingenious hand of modern invention.

In some of the treaties of the seventeenth century articles of naval construction were expressly included, while in others they were expressly excluded. In the absence of express treaty stipulation, such articles were not then contraband under the general law of nations. Sharply as Great Britain and France have disagreed as to naval stores, they have united in regarding horses as contraband. In 1870, Count Bismarck complained that the "export of horses from England under existing circumstances provided the enemy of Prussia with the means of carrying on a war with a power in amity with Great Britain.

Although the introduction of the use of coal into vessels of war began early in the last century, the Crimean War was the first maritime struggle of im-

portance in which such vessels were propelled by steam power. Thus, confronted by new conditions, Great Britain, after stopping coals on the way to a Russian port, applied to them, as an article *incipitis usus*, her doctrine of conditional contraband. When the question again rose in 1859, in the war between Austria, on the one hand, and France and Piedmont, on the other, the Foreign Office warned British merchants that "it appears, however, to Her Majesty's Government that, having regard to the present state of naval armaments, coal may, in many cases, be rightly held to be contraband of war, and, therefore, that all who engage in the traffic must do so at a risk, from which Her Majesty's Government cannot relieve them." When the royal neutrality proclamation, issued upon the outbreak of the American Civil War, came under discussion in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham remarked that coal might be contraband, "if furnished to one belligerent to be used in warfare against the other," and Lord Kingdown said that "if coals are sent to a port where there are war steamers, with a view of supplying them, they become contraband."

With regard to provisions, Vattel says, "commodities particularly useful in war, and the importation of which to an enemy are prohibited, are called contraband goods. Such are arms, ammunition, timber for shipbuilding, any kind of naval stores, horses, and even provisions, in certain junctures, when we have hopes of reducing the enemy by famine." Money, metals, cotton, and clothing, although not in themselves contraband, may become so under circumstances substantially the same as those that impart to provisions a noxious character. While money may be lawfully sent to a belligerent country for the purchase of goods or for the payment of debts, its consignment for the purpose of assisting bellig-

erent operations authorizes its treatment as contraband.

Before the principle was settled that the damage to a belligerent from contraband trade results from the nature of the goods conveyed, and not from the fact of transport, it was the ancient practice to confiscate both ship and cargo. The milder modern practice of confiscating the contraband goods only is one of the notable developments of international trade in the seventeenth century. A relic of the earlier practice survives, however, in the rule which still condemns the vessel if the contraband cargo belongs to

its owner. If the owner of the contraband articles is part-owner of the ship, his share in her is also forfeited. If a neutral vessel is bound by a treaty of its own country to abstain from the act in question, the vessel is condemned for the act, although the cargo be not the property of its owner. If there is a resort to fraudulent devices, such as false papers and false destination, for the purpose of defeating the right of search, or deceiving the searching officers, the vessel becomes subject to confiscation as well as the contraband cargo.

The Economist.

THOMAS HARDY AS PANORAMATIST.

Eight years ago "Jude the Obscure" was published. Since then Mr. Hardy has given us two or three volumes of poetry, and now a volume of drama,¹ but no other novel. One assumes that he has ceased as a novelist. Why has he ceased? The reason is generally said to be that he was disheartened by the many hostile criticisms of "Jude the Obscure." To accept that explanation were to insult him. A puny engine of art may be derailed by such puny obstacles as the public can set in its way. So strong an engine as Mr. Hardy rushes straight on, despite them, never so little jarred by them, and stops not save for lack of inward steam. Mr. Hardy writes no more novels because he has no more novels to write.

A fascinating essay could be written on the autumnal works of great writers. Sooner or later, there comes for the great writer a time when he feels that his best work is done—that the fire in him has sunk to a glow. And then,

instinctively, he shrinks from the form in which he cast the works of his youth and of his prime, and from the themes he then loved best. But he cannot be idle—the fire still glows. Other forms, other themes, occur to him and are grasped by him. In England, during recent years, great writers in their autumn have had a rather curious tendency: they have tended to write either about Napoleon or about Mrs. Meynell. The late Mr. Coventry Patmore wrote about Mrs. Meynell. Mr. Meredith has written both about Mrs. Meynell and about Napoleon. Mr. Hardy now readjusts the balance, confining himself to Napoleon. So far, his procedure is quite normal: a new theme, through a new form. But I mislead you when I speak of Mr. Hardy as "confining himself to Napoleon." "Excluding Mrs. Meynell" would be more accurate. He is so very comprehensive. Pitt, Sheridan, Nelson, George III., and, throughout Europe everyone who played a notable part during the First Empire—here they all are, in

¹ "The Dynasts. a drama of the Napoleonic Wars," by Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan.)

company with various spirits, shades and choruses, marshalled into the scope of six acts and thirty-five scenes. Nor has Mr. Hardy done with them yet. This book is but a third of his scheme. The trilogy will comprise nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. Prodigious, is it not? And it marks its schemer as (in the stricter sense of the word) a prodigy. Normally, the great writer, forsaking the form of his greatness, gravitates to littler forms. The theme may be great or little, but he treats it within a little compass. Mr. Hardy's vitality would seem to have diminished only for his own special form. At any rate, it is such that he believes it sufficient for an attack on the illimitable and the impossible.

Impossible his task certainly is. To do perfectly what he essays would need a syndicate of much greater poets than ever were born into the world, working in an age of miracles. To show us the whole world, as seen, in a time of stress, by the world that is unseen by us! Whoever so essays must be judged according to the degree by which his work falls infinitely short of perfection. Mr. Hardy need not fear that test. "The Dynasts" is a noble achievement, impressive, memorable.

To say that it were easy to ridicule such a work is but a tribute to the sublimity of Mr. Hardy's intent, and to the newness and strangeness of his means. It is easy to smile at sight of all these great historic figures reduced to the size of marionettes. I confess that I, reading here the scene of the death of Nelson, was irresistibly reminded of the same scene as erst beheld by me, at Brighton, through the eyelet of a peep-show, whose proprietor strove to make it more realistic for me by saying in a confidential tone "'Ardy, 'Ardy, I am wounded, 'Ardy.—Not mortally, I 'ope, my lord?—Mortally, I fear, 'Ardy." The dialogue here is of a different and much worthier kind; yet

the figures seem hardly less tiny and unreal. How could they be life-sized and alive, wedged into so small a compass between so remote and diverse scenes? Throughout this play the only characters who stand to human height, drawing the breath of life, are the Wessex peasants. "When," says Mr. Hardy in his preface, "The Trumpet Major" was printed, more than twenty years ago, I found myself in the tantalizing position of having touched the fringe of a vast international tragedy without being able, through limits of plan, knowledge, and opportunity, to enter further into its events; a restriction that prevailed for many years." Well, that restriction has vanished. But remains the difference between a writer's power to project the particular thing which he has known lovingly in youth and his power to project the general thing which he has studied in maturity. For my own part, I wish these Wessex peasants had been kept out of "The Dynasts." They mar the unity of an effect which is, in the circumstances, partially correct. The general effect of littleness does, without doubt, help the illusion which Mr. Hardy seeks to create. That miraculous syndicate of which I dreamed anon would have kept the figures as tiny as here they seem—as tiny, but all alive, like real men and women beheld from a great distance.

Pushing ingenuity a step further, one might even defend the likeness of these figures to automata. For Mr. Hardy's aim is to show them, not merely as they appear to certain supernal, elemental spirits, but also as blindly obedient to an Immanent Will, which

works unconsciously, as heretofore,
 Eternal artistries in Circumstance,
 Whose patterns, wrought by rapt æsthetic rote
 Seem in themselves its single listless aim,
 And not their consequence.

From the Overworld the Spirit of the Years watches the eternal weaving of this pattern. The Spirit Ironic watches, too, smiling. The Spirit Sinister, too, watches laughing. There is a Spirit of the Pities; but she is young, as Mr. Hardy insists, and quite helpless. Beneath them "Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head. . . . The point of view then sinks downwards through space, and draws near to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities. . . . A new and penetrating light descends, enduing men and things with a seeming transparency, and exhibiting as one organism the anatomy of life and movement in all humanity." The Spirits draw nearer still to earth. They flit over the English ground, near the open Channel. A stage-coach passes. "See now," says one of the passengers to another, "how the Channel and coast open out like a chart. . . . One can see half across to France up here." The irony of this contrast between their vision and the vision just vouchsafed to us strikes the keynote of the whole drama. How ridiculous that historic debate in the House of Commons! Sheridan thundering at Pitt, and Pitt at Sheridan, and above them in the gallery, in the guise of human Strangers, those abstract Spirits, sitting till they are "spied" by an officious Member! Anon these Spirits are in the cathedral of Milan. Napoleon, in all his trappings, places the crown of Lombardy upon his brow. Before him the Cardinal Archbishop swings a censor. The organ peals an anthem. "What," asks the Spirit of the Pities, "is the creed that these rich rites disclose?" And the Spirit of the Years answers

A local thing called Christianity,
Which the wild dramas of this wheel-
ing sphere

Include, with divers other such, in dim,
Pathetical, and brief parentheses.

The Imperial procession passes out to the palace. "The exterior of the cathedral is seen, but the point of view recedes, the whole fabric smalling into distance and becoming like a rare, delicately-carved ornament. The city itself sinks to miniature, the Alps show afar as a white corrugation . . . clouds cover the panorama," and our next sight is of the dockyard at Gibraltar. Thus we range hither and thither, with the Spirits, listening to their reflections on the infinite littleness and helplessness and unmeaning of all things here below. We see, at last, the toy field of Austerlitz, and the toy death-bed of Pitt. Thereat the book closes, looking strangely like a duodecimo.

The book closes, and (so surely has it cast its spell on us) seems a quite fugitive and negligible little piece of work. We wonder why Mr. Hardy wrote it; or rather, one regrets that the Immanent Will put him to the trouble of writing it. "Wot's the good of anythink? Wy, nothink" was the refrain of a popular coster-song some years ago, and Mr. Hardy has set it ringing in our ears again. But presently the mood passes. And, even as in the stage-directions of "The Dynasts" we see specks becoming mountain-tops, so do we begin to realize that we have been reading a really great book. An imperfect book, as I have said—inevitably imperfect. And less perfect than it might quite easily have been. That Mr. Hardy is a poet, in the large sense of the word, nobody will dare deny. But his poetry expresses itself much more surely and finely through the medium of prose than through the medium of rhyme and metre. I wish he had done "The Dynasts" in prose, of which he has a mastery, rather than in a

form wherein he has to wrestle—sometimes quite successfully—for his effects. No one, again, will deny that Mr. Hardy is, in the large sense of the word, a dramatist. But his drama expresses itself better through narration than through dialogue and stage-directions. He writes here not for the stage; and, except an eye to the stage, there is no reason or excuse for using a form which must always (be our dramatic imagination never so vivid) hamper and harass us in the study. But, when every reservation has been made, "The Dynasts" is still a great book. It is absolutely new in that it is the first modern work of dramatic fiction in which free-will is denied to the characters. Free-will is supposed to be a thing necessary to human interest. If it were so indeed, we should get no ex-

The Saturday Review.

citement from Homer. Not that Mr. Hardy's negation resembles Homer's. Achilles and the rest were life-sized puppets, whose strings were being pulled, at near hand, by gods scarcely larger than they. Mr. Hardy's puppets are infinitesimal—mere "electrons," shifted hither and thither, for no reason, by some impalpable agency. Yet they are exciting. Free-will is not necessary to human interest. Belief in it is, however, necessary to human life. Cries Mr. Hardy's Spirit of the Pities

"This tale of Will
And Life's impulsion by Incognizance
I cannot take."

Nor can I. But I can take and treasure, with all gratitude, the book in which that tale is told so finely.

Max Beerbohm.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a new romance, "Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "A Prince of Sinners."

Miss Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby," which has been running as a serial in Harper's Bazar, will soon be published in book form.

The sale of the original manuscript of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost" ended in the "lot" being bought in for \$25,000. The highest bid was \$23,750.

Miss Hannah Lynch, author of "French Life in Town and Country" and the "Autobiography of a Child," and an incisive writer for Blackwood's and other English magazines and re-

views, recently died in Paris, where she had lived for some years.

Rosemary Crawshay writes from Italy to The Athenæum:

It is thirty years since I had the honor of an invitation to dinner from Sir Charles and Lady Lyell to meet Mr. Herbert Spencer. The day before, Sir Charles called, and I told him I was quite ignorant of the writings of the professor, and asked if he could lend me some small work which might give me an idea of his line of thought. In the evening a footman arrived with twelve large volumes, and I heard it was a joke in the scientific world that Mrs. Robert Crawshay thought to get up Herbert Spencer in twenty-four hours. I subsequently read his "First Principles" and "Social Statics" with great delight, but his "Psychology" baffled me. I once asked him to dine with me, naming the one or two friends

I proposed should join us. "Alas!" he said, "It is these delightful little diners that quite banish sleep."

Commenting upon the announcement of another reprint of "In Memoriam," accompanied by "a running commentary and copious annotations," "Bookworm" in *The Academy* asks:

Is it not about time that the "commentator" left the poor poem and the poor poet alone? In one year—1901—no fewer than three "commentaries" on "In Memoriam" were published: one was by A. C. Bradley, another by L. Morel, the third by W. Robinson. In the previous year Canon Beeching had given us an "analysis" of the poem, with notes. In 1888, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Chapman came out with a "Companion" to the work. In 1891, there was a new edition of the well-known commentary by the Rev. Dr. Gatty. I suppose it was Robertson of Brighton's equally well-known analysis (1862) which set all the other analysts at work. There are, no doubt, stanzas in "In Memoriam" which are not absolutely pellucid; but surely, even the typical man in the street would not need all the assistance which the commentators insist upon forcing upon readers.

An enterprising Berlin publisher is advertising "the world-renowned novels of Sir John Retcliffe" under such titles as "Nena Sahib" (sic), "Sebastopol," "Puebla," "Villafranca," "Magenta and Solferino," &c. The publisher says "these historical tales are full of life-like studies; we follow the author through the abysses of crime in the capitals of Europe, in Paris, Rome, Vienna, London, Berlin, Constantinople, Hamburg, &c., and the nightly orgies of the better-class men of pleasure are described with such a fervor of phantasy, that the reader seems to be living through them himself"—and much more of that kind of thing.

Upon which *The Academy* says: "Now, who is, or was, this Sir John Retcliffe? Not an Englishman at all, thank goodness, but a fifth-rate German author, Wilhelm Schroeter by name, who flourished between 1850-70, and wrote a number of pseudo historico-political novels, such as those above-mentioned, and others which he dubbed 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'Jefferson Davis,' and 'Blarritz.' He had a certain cheap 'yellow-back' popularity in his time, but why he chose such an extraordinary pseudonym is a mystery. His books have absolutely no value whatever from a literary or any other point of view."

The London Times gives the following account of Thomas Hardy's new book, which has just been published:

The author explains that his drama is intended for the study, not for the stage, though the explanation seems a little unnecessary after reading the full title of the book—"The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes." A short "fore scene," entitled "The Overworld," comes before the play proper, in which Recording Angels, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, and other "Phantom Intelligences" are introduced as supernatural spectators of the drama. The first act of the drama opens on "A Ridge in Wessex," and shifts thence before it closes to Paris, London, Boulogne, and Milan. Later acts deal with the battles of Trafalgar and Austerlitz, and introduce not only Napoleon and his marshals, Nelson and his chief officers, and the Emperor Francis, but George III. and his ministers, the Empress Josephine and Queen Charlotte, with princesses and ladies of their respective courts, and Cardinal Caprara. There are considerably more than a hundred characters altogether.

THE PILGRIM.

Where is the haunt of Peace,
The place of all release—
Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet
repose?

"Night's dusky tent is spread
For tired heart and head,
And very fragrant is Night's orchard-
close."

What of the soundless deep,
Those shining plains of Sleep
Whence the adventurer returns no
more?

"Sleep is the golden sea,
With billows great and free,
But still they bear the swimmer back
to shore."

Nay, tell me farther yet,
Where no swift waters fret,
Where rose and violet
Engarland not, nor ever blooms the
May—
Tell me, O Wind, for you must know
the way.

"Death's black pavilion stands
In the Unshapen Lands,
And in Death's garden all the flowers
are gray."

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

HOMESICK.

It stands afar midst happy, sunlit
fields,
A little farmhouse, brown and old.
With ancient, ivy covered, buttressed
walls,
And straw thatched roof of gold;
And I a wanderer from the dusty
town,
Grown weary of its heavy ways,
Wistful, from off the hot white road,
look down
And long for the old days.

For there the nights were blessed with
quiet sleep,
The days were filled with happy
cares,

And there the skies seemed ever blue,
and there
Was time for peace and prayers;
While youth and laughter, joy and
hope, and love
Sang in my heart a happy song.
Ah me! a song that's hushed for ever-
more,
The crowded streets among.

And now I stand and gaze, with heavy
heart,
Across dear fields in longing sore,
To where another woman, happier far,
Looks from the low half-door.
Oh, little farmhouse, old, and brown,
and sweet,
I wake when all the world's at rest
And think of you, and long for the old
peace
And the untroubled breast!
Pall Mall Gazette.

THE ORGAN-GRINDERS.

Into the sadness of a London street,
Dull and monotonous and full of
care,
With winning smile and gesture de-
bonair,
Patient of winter's cold or summer's
heat,
Taking what fortune they may chance
to meet
With cheerful fortitude and hearts
that dare
Stray these brown wanderers, and
pavements bare
Are of a sudden filled with dancing
feet.

They are the children's friends of low
or high,
And men and women by the world
beset
Perchance have paused ere now in
passing by
Touched by some tender memory or
regret
Heard in their music, hardly knowing
why,
And with a copper paid the golden
debt.

Benjamin George Ambler.

The Tatler.